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OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IV. AUGUST 1, 1817. No. XX.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The Revenge—History of Peregrine Pirouette—*and Continuation of the* Correspondence of the Adviser, *in our next.*

In the communication of R. W. S. B. *we cannot discover one single quality of poetry, for which we presume it to be intended, except the rhymes.*

The paper of Mathematicus, *though not adapted to our publication, might be acceptable to some one of our journals expressly devoted to scientific subjects.*

The Biographical Sketch offered by A Gleaner *will be thankfully received.*

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VOL. IV. AUGUST 1, 1817. No. XX.

THE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 6.—A COTTAGE ORNE.

PERHAPS no sort of building is more decorative to rural scenery, than that which is now known by the term "cottage style." Its fitness for the purpose is, however, wholly destroyed if adopted for villas, as it lately has been, that from magnitude and cost might really be termed mansions. This species of architecture is applicable only to small buildings, and the more polished and higher order of art should be employed in the designs for more spacious edifices; indeed, the quantity of a building, as well as the purpose of its application, should be considered, and the style to be adopted would properly be the result of the deliberation. Another style has also been used for buildings of considerable extent, that as yet has no name descriptive of its character: it is composed of many parts, all selected from houses that have been built piecemeal, from the time of James I. to the present day, and the more unaccommodating the parts are to each other, the more suitable to the style proposed; and if the several rooms seem to have no other connection but by stairs or passages, the design is then approaching to perfection. Some ancient houses that have been added to, altered, and repaired from time to time, may present a variety of parts coming happily together, and forming a picturesque whole, that pleases principally from the curious manner in which they are brought together; but when an artist sits down to design a house, he is surely not governed either by fine fancy or sound judgment, if he selects such parts, and puts them together in this adventitious manner.

Mr. Pope, in reply to the Duke of Buckingham's description of his house, affects to describe that which he then inhabited, and it would suit exactly the style of building before alluded to.—"You must expect nothing regular," says he, "in my description, any more than in the

house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical fits I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, when the cottages, having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since."

The design annexed is for the residence of a small family, and would not be an expensive building.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

HINTS ON THE MAKING OF BRITISH WINES.

By Dr. Macculloch.

When we read in many books of receipts, directions for sulphuring the casks before fermentation, we must be convinced, that such directions have arisen from an utter confusion of ideas on the subject. The same remark may be made on another rule, of which the object is equally misapprehended — the mixing of white of egg with the fluid about to be subjected to fermentation. The proportions of sugar seem to have been allotted with equal want of consideration; and it seldom appears to have entered into the minds of the inventors, that the strength of the wine was to depend on this ingredient. The proportions of the fruits to the total compound seem to have been dictated by similar caprices; their natural properties, whether of sugar, acid, or flavour, not having been considered in the views of the artist.

Those ingredients which are added for the avowed purposes of flavour, have been managed with similar want of judgment, and they have indeed often been supposed capable of communicating the strength, or vinous quality, to the liquor. Instead of being introduced at the decline of the fermentation, they have been exposed to all its effects; in consequence of which, their flavour has often been volatilized or destroyed. This is the case with cowslip wine, where an enormous quantity of flowers is used, to obtain an effect which might be procured with a much smaller allowance. Such also is the practice with raspberries — a practice worth noticing, since it affords an opportunity of stating the more correct and useful mode of proceeding. If an attempt is made to form wine from raspberries and sugar, a liquor will be produced with little or no flavour of the fruit; but a small quantity of syrup or juice of raspberries added at the decline of the fermentation, or a little fresh fruit suspended in the cask at the same period, will be sufficient to communicate a taste, more likely to prove excessive than defective.

But the most striking defects of the common proceedings are visible in the vacillation and uncertainty, with which both the fermentation and the subsequent process

es are conducted. By using the yeast of beer—a practice founded on ignorance of the nature and causes of fermentation — a false and bad flavour is introduced, which is often sufficient to render the produce tainted and even nauseous. By want of attention to the process itself, and the circumstances by which it is affected, the artist is unable to advance or retard it, to alter or amend it; while, guided solely by rules founded on fixed periods, inattentive to his subject or its concomitancy, and undecided respecting the future character of his wine, it is not surprising if he meets with perpetual disappointment, producing still wine when he wished for brisk, or sweet when he intended to form dry. The same want of principles prevent him from taking advantage of the practices of sulphuring, racking, and bottling.

The fruits chiefly in use are, the quince, cherry, strawberry, sloe, elder-berry, damson, mulberry, black or bramble-berry, raspberry, orange, lemon, gooseberry, and the three varieties of currant. Dried raisins, although not ranking among our fruits, are extensively used, and require also to be noticed.

A wantonness of experiment seems to have, in some measure, led to this great and superfluous number of articles as the nominal bases of wines; although the practices have also been, in a great degree, founded on false views of the real nature and objects of this manufacture. It is evident, that when no peculiar and agreeable flavour follows the adoption of any individual fruit, it can have no legitimate claim for use, beyond that which is founded on its several proportions of sugar, leaven, acid, colour, or astringency. As the two last of these can be communicated with the greatest certainty by adventitious ingredients, it is bad policy to have recourse to weak expedients for the same, and particularly if, for the sake of these minor objects, we must sacrifice others of greater importance.

Since also the sugar is, confessedly, and in all cases, an adventitious ingredient, capable of being proportioned with the greatest nicety, completely in our power, and of a moderate price, it is unnecessary to consider that ingredient in fruits, as the one which is to guide our choice. It is to the due admixture of acid, and of leaven (the fermenting principle), that we are chiefly to look for the causes which are to determine us in our selection. If a good flavour can be obtained from any fruit of our own growth, we have then the whole data which should rule our determinations. The object of price is a consideration which will naturally be added to these more important ones.

The quince appears to have usurped a place in the foregoing list, to which it properly has no title. Its similarity in principles to the apple and pear, is sufficient to assure us, that its produce can only be a species of cider, characterised, according to circumstances, by the astringency and flavour which distinguish it from these two fruits. Its price and rarity also increase the objections to its use.

Vinous liquors, of no very particular character, may be made from the several varieties of cherry; but the operator should be cautioned against the common practice of

pressing the kernels in quantity, as, however agreeable a slight flavour of the bitter may be, a taste amounting to bitterness is always unassimilating and injurious to the wine.

From the strawberry, wines of agreeable quality, both dry and sweet, may be produced; but the peculiar flavour of the fruit is generally dissipated in the process. The cautions which I have given respecting flavour, will suffice to point out in what way that is most likely to be obtained.

I make the same remark on the raspberry, with this additional hint, that as very little in point of flavour or produce is gained by the use of these fruits, which are in most places of a high price, it behoves the operator to balance the advantages against the disadvantages, before he enters on the undertaking. A simple infusion of this fruit, as before noticed, in any flavourless currant wine, will, with greater cheapness and certainty, produce the desired taste.

Having no experience in the brambleberry or mulberry, I am unable to say, whether any flavour can be communicated by their use. The cheapness of the former is a recommendation; and there is no doubt that they both contain the substances, leaven and acid, most essential for this purpose. They also afford what so few fruits do to the same degree, the colouring principle. In managing them, so as to derive the greatest advantages from their colour, it is necessary that the fermentation be allowed to go on with the skins, until the colour is extracted, which will also be accompanied by the slight degree of astringency, which, at a certain period of ripeness, accompanies both these fruits.

The sloe and damson are so associated in qualities, that nearly the same results are produced from both—a bitterish and astringent liquor, capable of being converted into rough wine of a good character, care being taken duly to proportion the quantity of fruit to the sugar, or to modify that liquor by the addition of other fruits of less decided properties. This is a case in which it is necessary to protract the fermentation, so as to make a a dry wine, as the peculiar astringency of these fruits forms a very discordant association with sweet wines. By a due admixture of currants or elder-berries with sloes or damsons, and with proper care, wines not much unlike the inferior kinds of Port are often produced.

In naming the elder-berry, I have mentioned a fruit whose cheapness and abundance have long recommended it to notice; and from which, with attention, excellent red wine can really be made. It seems to possess in great perfection that portion of the extractive principle, which is required to produce a free and full fermentation; and its admirable colour communicates to the wine a tint as rich as can be desired. It appears to be deficient in acid; and its produce is consequently much improved, by the addition of tartar as an ingredient in the artificial *must*. Its natural sugar is so small in quantity, that it requires an ample addition of this fundamental ingredient. If it has no good flavour, it is at least free from any bad one--a virtue which

does not appertain to many of the fruits of current application in wine-making.

In apportioning the two several ingredients of tartar and sugar, the following rules may be of use:

Considerable differences in the dose of tartar may be allowed without producing any correspondent changes in the result, and the proportion of this ingredient has consequently been made to vary from one to four, and even six per cent. The causes of this admissible laxity will appear, when it is considered that the greater part of the tartar is deposited in the lees. I may also remark, that from two to four per cent. will be found a sufficient dose, and that in proportion to the greater or less sweetness of the fruit, the sweetest requiring the largest quantity of tartar, and *vice versâ*. The dose of tartar ought also to vary in proportion to the added sugar, increasing as this increases. Although pure tartar, or cream of tartar, may answer the intended purpose, the crude salt is to be preferred, because it already contains a portion of yeast conducive to the more perfect fermentation of the artificial *must*.

In proportioning the sugar, the following general rule may also be taken as a guide: Two pounds of sugar, added to a gallon of a compound containing all the other ingredients requisite to a perfect fermentation, produce a liquor equal in strength to the lightest class of Bourdeaux white wines. Three pounds produce one equal in strength to the wine known by the name of White Hermitage; and from four, if fermented till dry, a wine resembling in strength the stronger Sicilian wines, that of Marsala, for example, or the Cape Madeira, is produced, supposing these wines to be free from brandy. Where a fruit already contains sugar, it is obvious that the quantity of added sugar must be diminished in proportion to that which the natural juice may be estimated to contain, if we are desirous of accurate results. If in any case wine is to be left sweet, it is clear that this general rule cannot be applied, since sweetness and strength are, in the same wine, and from the same quantities of sugar, incompatible. While on the subject of the juicy fruits, I may as well notice a part of the current practice which appears ill founded, and often attended with bad consequences. This is the large proportion of water, and consequently small proportion of fruit, which is generally used, an usage apparently originating in a misplaced economy. If we attend to the common practice of making wine from grapes, that which ought to be the model for all our imitative operations, we shall see that no water is used, but that the whole fluid is composed of the juice of the fruit itself. If we now attend to the current practice, as recommended in our own domestic receipts, we shall find that the juice of the fruit rarely forms more than one-fourth of the whole liquor, and often much less, the proportion of fruit being seldom more than four pounds, including the solid matter it may contain, to eight pounds of water, and three or four pounds of sugar; and this proportion is fixed with no regard to the ripeness of the fruit, a circumstance of con-

siderable importance. The consequences resulting from this sparing use of the fruit are highly injurious. The artificial *must*, thus compounded of water, sugar, and juice, contains a much less quantity of the vegetable extractive matter, and of the native acid, than is absolutely essential to a perfect and efficient fermentation. To put this case in a stronger light, let this proportion of juice be still further gradually diminished, and the *must* will soon consist of little else than sugar and water, a compound incapable of forming wine. Let it, on the contrary, be increased, and a vigorous and perfect fermentation, with a produce perfectly vinous, will be the result.

If green fruit is used, in which little or nothing exists but acid and extract, of which the former is in this case always in much greater proportion, bulk for bulk, than in ripe fruits, the acid would be too predominant were the juice of the fruit used in undue quantity. Their dilution is absolutely necessary. But if the fruit be ripe, the acid is diminished in quantity, and cannot therefore bear to be still further diminished by excessive dilution. It will accordingly be found, that a much more perfect wine is produced by diminishing the water, or increasing the proportion of fruit.

As the orange and lemon, although not native fruits, are familiar to us, and scarcely differ in their chemical composition, I may safely consider them in one view. So little difference exists between the citric acid which is found in these fruits, and the tartarous which characterises the grape, that it is natural to expect their produce to be of a good quality. They are, however, deficient in extractive matter or leaven, and for this reason are incapable of being converted into wine, even with the aid of sugar, unless yeast or some other leaven be added. As it is impossible to add the yeast of beer in sufficient quantity for the perfect fermentation of the fluid, without spoiling the flavour, these wines are generally imperfect and sweet. They are likewise almost always corrupted in their flavour by the infusion of the peel, giving a taste, which, however grateful abstractedly, does by no means coalesce with the taste of wine. It would tend to the improvement of these wines, if the peel were to be omitted, and if any vegetable matter could be added capable of inducing the complete fermentation, without communicating a bad flavour. I have attempted it by means of gum, and with partial success. It is not unlikely that substitutes would be found in wheat, either in the flour or gluten.

The gooseberry is one of the fruits most commonly used, and is in particular well known as an ingredient in brisk wines, which are made to resemble, in appearance at least, the wines of Champagne. For this purpose, it is used in an unripe state. It is well known in the wine countries, that, independently of those causes of briskness in wines which consist in the management formerly described, this property always results from the use of unripe fruit, and is readily produced by mixing unripe grapes with the ripe ones. The case is the same with the gooseberry. The fault of this wine, however, if it be considered as an imitation of Cham-

pagne, is a bad flavour, which is almost invariably communicated by the fruit, and that in proportion to its ripeness. To avoid this evil, so generally injurious to the brisk gooseberry wines, the fruit can scarcely be taken in a state too crude, as at this period the flavouring substance has not been developed. At the same time the expressed juice alone should be used, care being taken to exclude the skins from the fermentation, as being the part in which the flavour principally resides. With these precautions, the noxious flavour may generally be prevented.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

MRS. JORDAN.

Mr. Ryley, in a new volume of his entertaining work entitled *The Itinerant*, gives the following characteristic anecdote of the late Mrs. Jordan:

Those who, like me, have had the pleasure of being on terms of friendly intimacy with this unrivalled actress, equally a credit to her profession and an honour to human nature, will corroborate my testimony in asserting, that, in addition to her many other good qualities, she possessed a heart susceptible of the most tender and humane emotions, called into instant action by the least approach of misery or distress. During her short stay at Chester, where she was performing as usual to crowded and enraptured houses, her washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was by a merciless creditor thrown into prison—a small debt of forty shillings having, in a very short time, by the usual process of the glorious *uncertainty*, Item, this, that, and the other, been worked up to a bill of eight pounds. As soon as this good creature heard of the circumstances, she sent for the attorney, paid his demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume: "You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits sent on earth to make poor mortals miserable." The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit. On the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated. As Mrs. Jordan, with her servant, was taking her usual walk on the Chester walls, the widow with her three children followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain, in a long kind of porch, dropped on her knees, and with difficulty exclaimed, "God for ever bless you, madam! you have saved me and my family from ruin." The children beholding their mother's tears, added their plaintive cries, and formed together a scene too affecting for so sensitive a mind to behold without the strongest sensations of sympathetic feeling, affording, I should conceive, a sort of heavenly pleasure not to be described, and felt but by those whom Providence has blessed with a soul of sufficient magnitude. The natural liveliness of disposition Mrs. Jordan was well known to possess, would not easily be damped by sor-

rowful scenes: nevertheless, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down the cheek of sensibility, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound-note into the mother's hand, and in her usual playful manner, replied, "There, there, now it's all over; go, good woman; God bless you, don't say another word." The grateful creature would have replied, but this good Samaritan insisted on her silence and departure, which at last she complied with, sobbing forth thanks and calling down blessings on her benefactress. It so happened that another person had taken shelter in the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as our heroine observed him, came forward, holding out his hand, and with a deep sigh, exclaiming, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger; but would to the Lord the world were all like thee!" The figure of this man plainly bespoke his calling: his countenance was pale and wobegone, and a suit of sables rather the worse for wear covered a figure thin and spare. The penetrating eye of our fair philanthropist soon developed the character and profession of this singular-looking person, and with her wonted good humour and playfulness, retiring a few paces, she replied, "No; I won't shake hands with you."—"Why?"—"Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil."—"The Lord forbid: I am, as you say, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed; and do you think I can behold a sister so cheerfully obeying the commands of my great Master, without feeling a spiritual attachment that leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love."—"Well, well, you are a good old soul I dare say, but—a—I don't like fanatics; and you'll not like *me* when I tell you who I am." "I hope I shall."—"Well then, I tell you, I am a player." The preacher turned up his eyes and sighed.—"Yes, I am a player; you must have heard of me; Mrs. Jordan is my name." After a short pause, he again put forth his hand, and with a complacent countenance replied, "The Lord bless thee whoever thou art; his goodness is unlimited; he hath bestowed on thee a large portion of his spirit, and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should!" Thus reconciled, the rain having abated, they left the porch together, whilst the deep impression this scene, together with the fascinating address of our heroine, made on the mind of the preacher, overcame all his prejudices, and the offer of his arm being accepted, the female Roscius of the comic English drama, and the melancholy disciple of John Wesley, proceeded arm in arm, affording in appearance at least rather a whimsical contrast, till the door of her dwelling put a period to the scene. At parting, the preacher again took her hand. "Fare thee well, sister," said he: "I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be, for thou art the first I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practice equals thine, I hope and trust, at the Great Day, the Lord will say to each, *Thy sins are forgiven thee.*"

page 71.

PLEASURES of a POSTE AUX ÂNES.

MISCELLANIES.

Plate 7.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER VIII.

Laugh as you please, my friend, I am better and better pleased with my uniform way of life, which has not less variety than novelty for me. The forenoon of this day I have spent so agreeably at the post-house of the village, that I might challenge the largest town to afford me a more pleasant morning. It is to be sure only a *poste aux ânes*—but what does that signify? I have not such an over-refined taste as Louis the Great, and can at times contemplate a dance of rustics by Teniers with more interest than a battle-piece by Lebrun.

The bustle occasioned by the comers and goers, the saddling and unsaddling, the paying and receiving, the order and disorder—in a word, the whole grotesque picture, which was every moment renewed, could not fail to make a due impression upon my heart, now open to pleasure. Yet I was not a mere passive spectator. Why should I not now and then lift a pretty girl, whose roguish eyes sparkled beneath her gipsy-hat, into or from the saddle, and earn her courteous thanks, or any other little recompence that she thought fit to bestow?

It is impossible to conceive a more charming picture than such a country girl, just arriving or going off with two baskets at her side, filled with necessaries which she has fetched from town, or is carrying thither, presenting to the favoured youth who is waiting for her, a ribbon which she has bought for him, or receiving from him a tender kiss at parting. In our gloomy country, my dear Edward, we have few opportunities of enjoying the pleasure of seeing so many gay faces within so small a compass. In this respect, I consider the *poste aux ânes* as one of the most important discoveries that I have ever yet made.

My host, whom I attended thither, trotted away on one of these post-asses, and will return in the same manner in the afternoon with the fair companion whom he yesterday promised me.

You must not, however, imagine that the asses of this country are such sluggish, unsightly creatures as yours. Here nothing is slow and indolent; and the most contemptible, as well as the most highly esteemed animal, feels the kindly influence of this genial clime.

If I was pleased this morning, I have no less cause to be so this afternoon. I dined in company with my amiable young hostess on chops more savoury than a king himself has set before him, unless his sheep browse upon rosemary, the most common food of those of this neighbourhood; drank a bottle of country wine, which your connoisseurs in Berlin would be apt to mistake for Burgundy; and scarcely had I risen with glowing cheeks from my

banquet, when who should enter but my host, leading his niece by the hand, and bringing with him more life than I needed.

I will not tantalize you with a formal description of little Margot and all her *agrémens;* but be assured that she differs full as much from your opera beauties, as the enchanting landscape before me from a dreary, dirty, smoky city. And a girl like this is brought to me out of pure kindness! How old must my honest host take me to be, if he supposes nothing is likely to come of this!

The first quarter of an hour after her arrival served to convince me of my danger. Believing that I could do nothing wiser, I placed myself with philosophic eye opposite to her, and endeavoured to find out by what natural powers it is possible that this body, this mind—the one as unaffected, undisguised, and fascinating as the other—how such corporeal and mental maturity could belong to a girl of thirteen? But instead of advancing one step towards a solution of the main question, I found myself at last involved in the subordinate circumstances, and that so dangerously, that I was obliged to relinquish my inquiry, and had reason to thank my stars that I had yet the power to do so.

While I am writing, the people are busy, as though nobody were present, in making up the bed in which Margot is to sleep this and the following nights, not more than two or three yards from me.

Well—the bed is ready—and I am in a fever. I must go out into the air: perhaps its refreshing influence may appease this tumult.

Would to Heaven that whatever is too much for the heart could be as easily got rid of! It would, indeed, be a fine thing if nothing but fresh air were necessary to preserve the equilibrium in our petty world. I have taken only a little turn round the house, and here I am seated again opposite to the girl, intent upon her every movement; and rejoice that in this country, turn your eyes which way soever you will, all is so unclouded, so serene!—Did not Jerome tell me it would be so?

You must be very indulgent if you permit me to write to you in such broken sentences, but indeed I cannot help it. I commit my rapid thoughts to the paper when the girl runs out of doors, and throw the pen away as quickly when she comes skipping back again.

This young creature—I feel it but too strongly—may become dangerous to my peace before a week's end, if the impression she makes upon me increases hourly as it has done to-day. She is already as familiar with me as if she were my daughter. She calls and orders my John about just as she likes, and I verily believe she will soon begin to order me about too. I lost not a single tone of her voice when she was just now telling me about her linnet, which she has made so tame that it will feed out of her hand, and what luck she has with flowers. She needs, as she assures me, but to stick the dryest twig into the ground, and it is sure to grow.

These things that I am relating to you, are, I know, but paltry trifles; but I protest that they are so far from seeming so as they drop

from her lips, that I scarcely remember to have ever heard any thing more fascinating.

I shall break off, my dear friend. Margot is asleep. May the angels of Heaven watch over her slumbers!—I will go and sleep too—if I can.

December 24.

She is still asleep. I shall hasten to my hill, that I may be out of the way when she wakes. The master and mistress of the house are already at work in the kitchen.

What a charming walk I have had! refreshing to both soul and body. I have now my senses in order, and am in much higher favour with myself than yesterday. Fear nothing from the enticing girl! She shall only serve to divert and enliven me, and to be the charm of my life during my short stay in this village.

At the time when system-making engaged my attention, I divided female virtue into two classes; and I see no reason why this division should not still be retained. The one is that genuine, simple, natural virtue, which commands respect even in the meanest attire; the other, that apparent virtue which must be always watched, and which, as it has been justly observed, is not worth the watching. Out of the former class Nature has evidently taken the materials for my excellent hostess and her niece; and Heaven grant, that if ever I am to be confined by the noose of matrimony, my partner for life may in this respect resemble my present companions!

I have sustained a loss which affects me much. Poor Mops is dead, and we have buried him under my host's great olive-tree. If the honour of suicide be not exclusively reserved for man in preference to all other creatures, I should almost imagine that my poor dog had, out of grief quitted the world of his own accord. It seemed as if he could not bear to see his master in good-humour; and since Margot has come hither and removed one wrinkle after another from my face, especially since yesterday evening, when, to be sure, she and I were exceedingly cheerful, his vexation appeared to have reached the highest pitch. He crept into a corner, and was found this morning a corpse.

I must confess, that for some time past I have neglected him, for which I am now truly sorry; for he was a good creature that was attached to me, and to which, in the hypochondriacal hours of my journey, I was indebted for many a useful consideration.

Margot, seeing me absorbed in these serious thoughts, and my eyes ready to overflow, stepped right before me. "How," said she, with a hearty laugh, "how could you have the least regard for such a snuffling, snarling creature? I'll tell you what—out of love to you, I gave him something that did his business for him. His very look was enough to make one as dismal as himself."—And I, like a fool, sit staring at the girl, and cannot tell whether her self-accusation be joke or earnest, as ready to forgive her the one as the other for the sake of the pearly teeth which she exhibits. With this child I shall become a

child myself, dear Edward!—but I cannot help it!

December 25.

O Jerome, Jerome! couldst thou but see me, thou wouldst certainly be satisfied with me! My heart is filled with love and joy. How soon, under this genial sky, and in the society of this extraordinary race, has the ice that surrounded it been dissolved! One stratum after another of this envelope has been thawed, and now, animated with new life, it throbs with such tumultuous pulsations that I can no longer controul it. Even my hills and woods have lost their venerable aspect since Margot has rambled there along with me. This child of Nature loves to bathe in the dews of morning, and is too sensible of the pleasure derived from motion to remain at home, and not to catch me by the arm as soon as I step to the door.

This morning, very early, she awoke just as I was taking down my hat, which hung up against the wall above her bed. She sprung up like a frightened hare, and scarcely left me time to turn my eyes another way till she had put on her clothes. O Nature, Nature! even coquetry, as it proceeds from thy hands, is touching. Often have I had to adjust a lock of hair or a handkerchief, or to fasten a pin, but never have I done either with that feeling which Margot excited in me, when, full of mirth and spirits as I could wish her, she came to request me to put on her confounded gipsy-hat, in which she looks so bewitching.

Her toilet being finished, we walked and ran and climbed over every thing that Nature threw in our way, and sung and joked and laughed as if the whole world was our own. Upon the hill we were joined by my John, just when we two children were trying who could see the farthest, and discover whether it was an eagle or a crow that was making its evolutions on the verge of the horizon. I was extremely glad of his coming. I called him to us, and he participated heartily in our amusement.

You cannot conceive how much this man has gained in my estimation, since the narrow circle which here surrounds me has almost entirely removed the distance between us. Excepting that he sleeps in the loft, he lives entirely with me in the room occupied in common by the whole family. He is the kindest-hearted and best-natured creature that I could have taken with me, and I sincerely rejoice that, after being in my service ten years, I have at last discovered the good qualities which he possesses.

This is probably but too often the case with people of our class, and still more with the great. We seek friends at the gaming-table and in brilliant companies, and are surprised at not meeting with one single soul to satisfy our wants, while at the very moment perhaps such a one as we need is standing behind our chair. How poor have the laws of our trumpery etiquette made us! How have they frittered away the feast of content, so that nobody can now live upon the fragments which fall to his share.

December 26.

I look forward with trembling to the approach of the time which is

to separate me from these children of Nature, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to observe that John too hangs his head when I allude to our departure. In future, this good fellow shall never sit any where but beside me in the carriage—yes, indeed, he should even if Mops were yet alive. His intelligence, his good-humour, and, above all, the feeling of the happy life that I lead here, have become more beneficial and more needful to me, than his trifling services, with which, in fact, I could well dispense.

Poor Margot! thy tender bosom also heaves; tears of sorrow glisten also in thy roguish eyes; thy love-breathing lips quiver with a secret pang when thou thinkest of our parting, of thy separation from a friend who is become but too dear to thee! O that I may be the only one, as I am the first, to embitter that joy of which Nature made thee so susceptible!

I protest to you, Edward, that even my self-love can scarcely account for the sudden passion conceived by this girl; and yet there she is in all that glory by which an inexperienced heart betrays itself, and which indeed befits no other.

When I have sometimes met on the first page of a sentimental novel with an innocent young creature but just turned out of the hands of Nature, who beholds for the first time on a Sunday the man with whom you find her on the sixth page, by the following Saturday over head and ears in love, and living on a footing of such familiarity with him, that if the author and reader have any skill in calculation, they may very nearly predict on what page she will become a mother; I never failed to laugh the scribbler in the face, and took good care not to be at the christening. But Heaven knows we ought not to laugh at any thing.

Often too have I seen such curling, complicated, party-coloured figures in the clouds, that if a painter were to venture to introduce an accurate representation of them in his landscape, our critics on the fine arts would not hesitate to set him down for a madman; and yet the original existed in nature without offending one single human eye. Were I now writing a novel, my dear Edward, I should have authorship enough to make at least half a year's acquaintance precede, in order to give probability to the throbbings of the heart, the glowing cheeks, and the faltering accents of this damsel of thirteen: but as I am writing a journal, I must paint the clouds as I find them.

Souls created for one another, as I now begin to believe, are mutually attracted, wherever and however they may come together. Should you—notwithstanding this axiom, the infallibility of which is to be sure admitted only in novels—be still astonished how this blooming, artless girl, undaunted by my pale, emaciated face, could have made such prodigious advances in the short space of four days, you will be infinitely more surprised at the rapid change which the same period of time has produced in such an experienced veteran as I am.

I must confess, that the deep-rooted notion of the necessary inequality of conditions, has been so

shaken within me during these few days, that little is wanting to its complete overthrow. Since the moment that I discovered Margot's passion for me—a discovery for which no extraordinary degree of penetration was required—I have so argued with myself about conjugal and domestic happiness, and sympathy of souls, and unequal matches, as if I had been paid for it. I stoutly contended, that the heart ought not to be controuled by any maxim or principle not springing from nature, but from our factitious relations. Am I not manifestly sacrificing at the shrine of prejudice a pearl, so pure and so genuine as love alone can place within the reach of its favourites? and may I hope ever to find a jewel equal to this in the bounds to which my condition confines me?

In such sophistries I should say that I had wasted a fine morning, while sauntering by her side to the top of the hill, had I not, at the same time, so thoroughly warmed myself at the brilliant flame of her first love, that I cannot possibly lament the loss of the time, though I am now necessitated to search for all the sedative remedies of reason, for the purpose of cooling my overheated imagination. Heaven be praised, I have succeeded! I have read myself a severe lecture; I have proved to myself, that I belong to the most inconstant, the most faithless class of mankind, that alone excepted which in every thing is a degree above mine; that I have lived much too long in a corrupted atmosphere to be able to abide in the region of truth and serene nature; and have thence drawn this conclusion, that Margot, the child of innocence, is much too good for me.

In truth, she is worthy of the best of men: but only such a one, whose birth and condition have from the cradle protected him from the hostile attacks of a polished education; who has not imbibed the poison of fashionable manners; who concentrates all the rays of happiness and content in one focus, and is ignorant of the great art of the higher classes to divide them prismatically into colours—to deprive them of their energy; in a word, none but the best man of her own class can make this girl, beautiful, amiable, virtuous, endowed with the most exquisite combination of qualities for an excellent wife—so happy as she deserves to be. On her part, her love for me is a venial error; on my part, it would be treason against Nature were I to take advantage of this error, and to presume to withdraw her from the magic circle in which the estimable people, whose inmate I am, revolve, and which, I will not deny, might tempt me to contract the most absurd of matches, were I to continue with them much longer.

How different, Edward, are our four seasons from theirs! Their days pass away as simply and happily as their seasons, and their lives are like their years.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

To S. Sagephiz, *Esq.*

Sir,

I have the misfortune to be abused by all my acquaintance male and female: the latter do not scruple to call me a male jilt; and the former say, I am a fastidious, capricious fellow, who will profess a friendship for a man one day, and slight him the next. These accusations proceed from my being unfortunately gifted with a warm imagination, a good deal of susceptibility, and a degree of delicacy which I am afraid borders on fastidiousness. Thus if strangers appear amiable, I am always ready to give them credit for being really so; but as my regard is founded on the good qualities I suppose them to possess, it naturally ceases as soon as I find myself mistaken, which unfortunately happens too often. With your leave, Mr. Adviser, I will illustrate my case by a few examples.

An acquaintance of mine who knew that I was a passionate admirer of poetry, offered to introduce me to the celebrated Sam Stanza, whose works I had read with delight. We met at an evening party where the company was very numerous, and I had no opportunity of conversing with Mr. Stanza; but I was much delighted with two or three happy replies of his, and I expressed my admiration to every body in the warmest terms. Some good-natured friend told him the high opinion I entertained of him, and he was so much pleased with it, that he made advances towards intimacy, which I met more than half way.

At first we saw each other always in company, and my admiration rose every time I saw him; but as we grew more intimate, I found that he was extremely superficial, and so wholly engrossed by the desire of shining, that he was a most unpleasant companion in a *tête-à-tête*. With much elegance and facility of expression, he had few original ideas, and his stock of general information was very confined indeed. This discovery changed my admiration into cold civility, and as he sought an adulator rather than a friend, he terminated our acquaintance abruptly: I have consequently ever since enjoyed the credit of being too stupid to relish the conversation of one of the first wits of the age.

My old friend Peter Profound, who is reckoned very learned, preserved for a long time the high opinion which his gravity and taciturnity induced me to form of him. When I visited him, I generally found him in his library, absorbed in the contents of a huge folio; and I was sometimes refused admittance because he was deeply engaged in study, and had given orders not to let any body in. This piece of information I received in confidence from his valet, and it heightened my respect for him.

One day I wanted to consult him on some very serious business, and determined to take the privilege of friendship to interrupt his studies for once. I accordingly entered his library without ceremony, and there beheld a sight which completely annihilated my veneration

for the philosophic Peter. He was seated at a table with his nightcap and spectacles on, busily engaged in cutting out figures in card-paper. My first impulse was to burst into a hearty laugh, but the inexpressibly rueful countenance of my friend threw me into a confusion nearly as great as his own: I stammered out an apology, and hastily retired. You will readily conceive that our acquaintance did not continue long after this discovery of Mr. Profound's mode of employing his solitary hours.

I chanced at a public dinner to sit next to Lord Smoothphrase, of whose politeness and urbanity I had frequently heard, but from what I saw of him, I was convinced that common fame had not done him justice; and I said every where, that Lord Smoothphrase was certainly the best-bred man in England. Through the means of a friend of mine who was intimate with him, I soon had the honour of being ranked among his lordship's acquaintance.

For some time I believed that I had found in Lord Smoothphrase a perfectly well-bred man; but one morning, while I was paying him a visit, an old lady, to whom he had given strict orders never to be at home, was let in: she came to demand payment for the schooling of a little girl whom his lordship had promised to provide for. His politeness and suavity vanished the moment that she mentioned her business; he treated her with the most unprovoked rudeness, dismissed her without her money, and the moment she was gone, ordered that the rascally porter who had let her in should be turned out of his house that instant. You will not wonder that this circumstance induced me to recant all the praises I had bestowed upon his lordship's good-breeding.

Some years ago I was captivated by the charms of Miss Bellair, whose good temper was almost proverbial among her acquaintance. She was generally considered amiable, her manners were fascinating, and as I had no doubt that she was all perfection, I spoke of her in such raptures, that every one set me down as her professed admirer.

Luckily I had prudence enough to wish to see a little more of her before I made formal proposals, and a very short acquaintance convinced me, that she had not those qualities which I deemed absolutely necessary in a wife. She was indeed good-humoured and well-bred, but she was totally devoid of feeling and good-nature. She would not, I verily believe, have put herself to the smallest inconvenience to serve any human being, and I had the strongest reason to suppose, that she admitted my addresses not because she was partial to me, but merely from considering that it was time for her to settle in the world; and as she had no actual offer of marriage, she behaved in such a manner as she thought would induce me to make one. I accordingly ceased to visit her, and in consequence I was universally considered as the most hard-hearted fellow on earth, and execrated for leaving a sweet girl to pine at my desertion.

However, my forsaken fair did not long wear the willow, for she was married within two months to Counsellor Siftwell, who having a

personal dislike to me, waited upon her to try whether he could not induce her to bring an action against me for a breach of promise of marriage. As our courtship had not gone that length, she declined the counsellor's professional services, but she did it in so engaging a manner, that he became her warm admirer, and in two months afterwards he led her to the altar of Hymen.

Some time ago I passed a summer in the country, where I had not been very long before one of my neighbours, a beautiful young widow, made a sensible impression on my heart. I could see her only at church, for she lived in the most perfect seclusion, and she declared that during the year of her widowhood, of which only six months were expired, she would receive no visits. I had consequently no opportunity to judge of her mental qualities, but her benevolence made her adored by her poor neighbours, and I readily persuaded myself, that her mind would keep the promise made by her countenance, which was the most intelligent that I had ever seen.

As propriety forbade all approaches to the fair widow, I could not deny myself the pleasure of disclosing my passion for her in confidence to an old acquaintance, who came to pass a few months at my cottage. He laughed heartily while I was speaking, and as soon as I had finished, assured me that he was certain I should soon find some flaw in this newly discovered diamond, which would put me out of conceit with it. As I believed that was impossible, I paid no attention to his raillery; my passion continued to increase, and I expected with the greatest impatience the moment in which I could with propriety present myself as a candidate for the hand of my mistress, when a trifling circumstance totally extinguished my passion.

It was then the middle of summer, and I knew that the widow passed the greatest part of the day in walking through the grounds which surrounded her house; it unluckily occurred to me, that with the assistance of a telescope I could enjoy the pleasure of contemplating her charms during her morning rambles, and the following day I stationed myself to observe her motions. She was seated in an alcove, and from her attitude I had no doubt that she was deeply engaged either in reading or contemplation. Conceive my astonishment when I perceived through my glass, that her attention was riveted to her nails, which she was engaged in cutting! She continued occupied with them till my patience was exhausted, and I was near throwing down my glass in a rage. I refrained from viewing her for some moments, and then took another peep: but the second trial was worse than the first; she was doing something to her eyebrows, and between her eyebrows and nails she passed four hours without stirring from the alcove.

I quitted my cottage the next day, consoling myself that I never had it in my power to make a declaration of my sentiments; but unfortunately the friend to whom I had confided them, whispered the story of my passion and its sudden termination to all our common acquaintance, and I was rallied so un-

mercifully upon the subject, that I had half a mind to forswear society altogether, and bury myself in solitude all the rest of my life.

I could state many other instances of a similar nature, but I think, Mr. Adviser, I have said enough to convince you, that I am unjustly stigmatized. If, sir, you can point out to me any way to retrieve my character, and enable me to live on good terms with my acquaintance, you will much oblige your very humble servant,

SILVESTER SPYFAULT.

There are two things which I would recommend to Mr. Spyfault: the one, not to form nor express his opinion so hastily; the other, to recollect the scriptural precept of doing as he would be done by. Let him examine his own heart, and in spite of the *amour propre* which blinds us all in a great measure to our own failings, I fancy he will find sufficient cause to look with a more lenient eye on those of his neighbours. I wish to be understood as speaking only of the harmless foibles of his acquaintance: for I think he cannot be too circumspect in chusing a wife; but before he fixes his choice, let him recollect, that a very large portion of toleration is necessary on both sides, to enable a married pair to live happily together. The fastidious delicacy which makes him so soon disgusted with his acquaintance, would render both himself and his wife miserable; and if he follows my advice, he will lay aside all thoughts of matrimony till he has conquered it.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

(*Continued from p. 27.*)

1739.

January 11. Married, Mr. Beard, comedian and singer at Drury-lane theatre, to Lady Henrietta Herbert, relict of Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis of Powis, and daughter to the Earl of Waldegrave, with 800*l*. per annum jointure.

29*th*. The first stone of Westminster bridge laid.

February 6. At Covent-Garden theatre, one John Somerford tumbled from the upper gallery into the pit, being ten yards, without receiving any hurt. When the play was done, he told Mr. Rich that he had made himself free in the gallery, and hoped he should have the liberty of going into it when he pleased; to which Mr. Rich consented, with a proviso always that he did not come out of it in the same abrupt manner.

September 25. The first stone of the Mansion-House laid.

1740.

March 17. Mrs. Stephens received 5000*l*. reward from government for discovering her medicine for the stone.

1741.

February. A fine monument is erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Shakspeare, by direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martin. Mr. Fleetwood, master of

Drury-lane theatre, and Mr. Rich of that in Covent-Garden, gave each a benefit arising from one of his own plays towards it, and the dean and chapter made a present of the ground. The design, by Mr. Kent, was executed by Mr. Scheemaker.

March 29. Died, Sir Thomas Parkyns of Bunny, Nottinghamshire, author of a treatise on the Art of Wrestling.

1743.

May 4. Died, Mr. Charles Povey, well known for his many schemes and projects, particularly the Sun Fire-Office, from which he had a salary of 150*l*.

1745.

October 19. The whole amount of three nights' acting *The Beggar's Opera*, proposed by Mrs. Cibber, who acted Polly, making 600*l*. was paid by Mr. Rich into the chamber of London, for the encouragement of the soldiers. Every comedian played gratis, and the tallow-chandler gave the candles.

24*th*. Died, Edward Shepherd, Esq. architect, owner of Shepherd's market and other buildings about May-Fair.

1748.

August 27. Pantines invented: they were figures pulled by a string in the manner of a Dutch toy; these were appended to carriages.

November 10 being the birth-day of the Princess of Wales, the fine statue of King George I. in Leicester-square was uncovered.

1749.

June 16. By the court of aldermen and common council of London—Resolved, that the commissioners of bankrupts sitting at Guildhall shall not be provided with coals and candles at the expense of the city, nor coffee or tea be provided for any committee; that only 5s. be allowed for each coach or chariot that shall go with any of the members to wait upon his majesty, or any of the royal family, with an address, or upon any other occasion, and 10s. 6d. for the lord mayor's coach.

November 30. The Hon. Horatio Walpole, brother to the Earl of Orford, who was robbed by two men on the 7th in Hyde Park, when a pistol going off shot through the coach and scorched his face, received a letter from the robbers, intimating their concern for the accident, and their apprehension of the consequences at that time; and that if he would send to a place named, a person would be there to deliver his watch, sword, and coachman's watch, if he would, on his honour, send forty guineas in less than an hour to the same place, with threats of destruction if he did not. But he did not comply, though he afterwards offered twenty, the sum they fell to in a second letter.

1751.

M. Labelie, the Swiss architect of Westminster bridge, in his new description of it, tells us, that the quantity of stone materials in that noble structure is nearly double the quantity of the same in St. Paul's.

June 25. Married, Baron Neuhoff, formerly King Theodore of Corsica, now in the rules of the King's Bench for debt, to Miss Edmonson of Panton-square, a lady of beauty and fortune.

October 3. The vestries of St. Clement Danes, St. Margaret, and

St. John's Westminster, have agreed to enforce an act of 2d Will. and Mary, for obliging all persons whose houses adjoin to the street, to hang out lights at their doors, from dark-time till twelve o'clock from Michaelmas to Lady-day, or contribute to lamps at such distances as two or more justices shall appoint, under 2s. for every neglect; and levying a penalty of 5s. for every offence on those who lay any dirt, ashes, or other obstructions in the streets.

1752.

January. Married, Mr. Roubilliac, the statuary in St. Martin's-lane, to Miss Crossley of Deptford, worth 10,000*l.*

March 15. Died, Mrs. Eliza Justice, wife of Counsellor Justice, transported some years ago for robbing Cambridge University of many books, and authoress of *Amelia*, or *The distressed Wife*, a poem.

April 17. The theatrical house called the New Well, near the London Spa, preached in for the first time by a Methodist clergyman, it being taken by the Rev. John Wesley for a tabernacle.

1753.

May 31. Died, Lady Harriet Beard, wife of Mr. Beard, of his majesty's band of music, by whose death a jointure of 600*l.* per annum devolves to the Earl of Powis.

1755.

April 15. Died, Mr. Benjamin Bourn, author of *The Sure Guide to Hell*, a young man, son of the Rev. Mr. Bourn, a dissenting minister, of *promising expectations!*

1758.

Jan. 2. His majesty, according to annual custom, ordered 1000*l.* to be distributed among the poor of the parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, St Mary-le-Strand, St. Paul Covent-Garden, St. Clement Danes, St. Ann Westminster, St. George Hanover, and St. James.

A fine equestrian statue of his present Majesty King George by Van Nost, was erected in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

May 29. The first stone of a new bridge was laid from Brentford to Kew.

Dec. 22. The annual legacy of John Smith was distributed to poor persons in several parishes in Surry, to whom he left each three yards of linen and three bushels of coal. He died near ninety years ago, and had acquired upwards of 10.000*l.* by begging about the country, and letting money out to use to poor persons.

1759.

April 24. Died, Thomas Bond at Litchfield, aged 82, said to be the original from whom Mr. Farquhar took his character of Scrubb in *The Beaux Stratagem.* He was a servant in Sir Thomas Biddulph's family great part of his life.

1760.

May 13. At Mr. Langford's sale of Mr. Ames' books, a copy of the translation of the New Testament by Tindal, supposed to be the only one remaining which escaped the flames, was sold for 14½ guineas. This book was picked up by one of the late Lord Oxford's collectors, and was esteemed so valuable a purchase by his lordship, that he settled 20*l.* per annum for life upon the person who procured it. His lordship's library being afterwards purchased by Mr. Osborn of Gray's Inn, he marked it at 15s. for which price Mr. Ames bought it. This transla-

tion was finished in the reign of Henry VIII. 1526, and the whole impression, as supposed (this copy excepted), was purchased by Tonstall Bishop of London, and burnt at St. Paul's cross that year. Tindal was betrayed at Antwerp, and apprehended by the emperor's officers, who made him a close prisoner in the castle of Freyburgh, 1536, where he was publicly burnt to ashes.

June 3. The Rev. Dean and Chapter of Westminster held a jubilee in commemoration of Queen Elizabeth, who founded Westminster school. They marched in grand procession from the hall to the cathedral, where Purcell's grand *Te Deum* was performed, and a sermon preached by the Right Rev. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of that cathedral. The figure of that queen in wax was also set up in the Abbey.

July 9. A fire broke out at the house of Mrs. Kennedy in Manchester-buildings, near Cannon-row, Westminster, which consumed that house and the house of Miss Dawson (Nancy), the dancer, and damaged others.

15*th*. Several fine drawings have been made of his majesty, in consequence of the premiums offered by the Society of Arts (for the Encouragement): the committee agreed to reduce the number to four, which were this day laid before his majesty by the Duke of Devonshire, in order that one of them might be ultimately fixed on.

16*th*. The Society of Arts adjudged a premium of 20 guineas for the best likeness and drawing of his majesty, to Mr. J. Meyers.

THE HISTORY OF PHARAMOND.

Gifted by nature with brilliant talents and an excellent heart, the youth of Pharamond afforded the fairest promise of a happy maturity. He was indeed guilty of some excesses, but paternal affection palliated where it could not excuse his faults, and his doting father looked forward with hope and exultation to the time when the effervescence of youth subsiding, Pharamond's virtues would reflect additional lustre on the distinguished race from which he sprang.

There were few hearts more feelingly alive than Pharamond's to the distresses of others, and the profuse expenditure which sometimes drew severe reprehension from his indulgent father, was as often occasioned by his benevolent propensities as by his love of pleasure. Chance brought him acquainted with Alcander, a young man of nearly his own age, who veiled a most profligate heart by manners singularly engaging. Alcander was necessitous, and he scrupled little by what means he supplied his wants; he soon became sensible of the advantages which he might derive from Pharamond's friendship, and he cultivated it with the greatest assiduity.

One day while the friends were engaged in conversation, Pharamond perceived that Alcander was melancholy and abstracted. He inquired the cause, but received an evasive answer, and Alcander assumed a more cheerful air; but

his gaiety was so evidently forced, that it increased the solicitude of Pharamond; and his entreaties at last drew from his friend an acknowledgment, that his melancholy was occasioned by the distressed situation of a female relation of his, who was left by the sudden death of her father wholly unprovided for.

Alcander drew a touching picture of the misfortunes of his deceased relation, whose remains he said would have been seized for debt, had he not stepped forward to rescue them from his merciless creditors; but the sum which he had paid was all that he could command, and the situation of the poor orphan almost distracted him. He had not concluded when a bank-note to a large amount was slipped into his hand for the relief of her necessities. He made a show of reluctance, which the generous Pharamond soon conquered, and with many professions of gratitude, he accepted the money for the use of his cousin.

The first thing to be done was to find an asylum for Flavia, and Alcander soon afterwards told his friend, that he had placed her in the house of a respectable widow, who had promised, as soon as the violence of her grief was abated, to procure her a situation as governess in a family.

For some time Pharamond saw little of Alcander, who was, or pretended to be, wholly occupied with his cousin. One day when Pharamond called upon him, he was informed that he was just sent for to Flavia, who was dying. Equally grieved and surprised at this news, Pharamond hastened to the lodgings of Flavia: he found the street-door ajar, and on entering a parlour, he beheld Flavia reclining on a sofa. Alcander was hanging over her with a countenance full of consternation. Flavia's eyes were half closed, and her total want both of colour and animation might have made one suppose her a beautiful statue. On hearing footsteps she opened her eyes, and they met those of Pharamond, who was gazing on her with a look of the tenderest interest. A crimson glow suffused her cheek, and never perhaps in the full bloom of health and beauty had she appeared so touchingly lovely. Pharamond recollected almost instantly the impropriety of his presence, and hastily withdrew; but the image of the fair Flavia accompanied him, and he remained in the house till he was assured all immediate danger was over.

The cause which Alcander assigned for the illness of his cousin redoubled the interest which she had inspired in the bosom of Pharamond: a nobleman of high rank had presumed to insult her with licentious offers. Pharamond's whole soul was on fire; scarcely could he forgive Alcander's refusal to entrust him with the name of the villain, whom he longed to chastise. From that day he was constant in his inquiries after the health of the interesting Flavia, and at last he was permitted to see her. She thanked him with a grace and sweetness the most captivating for the interest he had taken in her health; one visit produced another, and a few interviews sufficed to render the susceptible Pharamond deeply enamoured of the lovely orphan.

He confided his sentiments to Alcander, who listened to him with the greatest apparent regret, and besought him in the strongest terms to conquer his passion. He was, however, well aware that his reasoning would have no effect on the generous and high-spirited Pharamond, who was determined, if he could obtain the consent of Flavia, to espouse her secretly, and wait for a favourable opportunity to break the matter to his father.

Though he had reason to believe that the affections of Flavia were his own, she steadily refused his offered hand. He cherished, however, a hope that his perseverance would at length overcome her reluctance to bestow it upon him, and he visited her constantly though secretly.

These visits proved fatal to the honour of Flavia and the peace of Pharamond; but though imprudent, he was not unprincipled, and he insisted upon repairing by an immediate though private marriage the injury he had done her.

The unhappy girl replied to his passionate entreaties only by her tears, nor could he draw from her the consent he so ardently solicited. The following morning he was refused admittance, under pretence that she was too ill to see him, and in the evening he received a letter from her, bidding him adieu for ever.

In this letter she declared herself unworthy to become his wife, and acknowledged that, prior to her acquaintance with him, a villain had robbed her of her honour. She owned it had been her intention, polluted as she was, to accept his offered hand, but this intention was gradually shaken, and at last overthrown, by the nobleness of his behaviour to her.

While he was reading this extraordinary letter, Alcander entered with a countenance full of astonishment, and from him Pharamond learned, that Flavia quitted her lodgings the day before, and was gone no one knew whither. Had not the mind of Pharamond been too deeply occupied with the contents of Flavia's letter to remark the incoherence and agitation of Alcander's manner, it would have given him some suspicion of the truth. In fact, he was the villain to whom the unhappy Flavia owed her ruin. She was really his relation, and left to his care by her dying father; but that father did not know, that some months before, her honour had fallen a sacrifice to his wiles. Alcander's refusal to perform his promise of making her his wife, threw her into the state in which she was first seen by Pharamond, and Alcander perceiving immediately the impression which her charms had made upon him, formed the plan of ridding himself of her by bringing about her union with his deceived friend. Though fallen, Flavia was not quite abandoned; it was with infinite difficulty that he gained her consent to this iniquitous proceeding. At last she reluctantly agreed to receive the visits of Pharamond, whose amiable qualities soon made a sensible impression on her heart: but the more tender her regard for him became, the more deeply did she regret the deceit which she was about to practise; and when at last he offered her his hand, all the threats of Alcander were unavail-

ing to induce her to accept it. Compelled at length to come to a determination, she resolved to bury herself for ever in obscurity; but though she acknowledged her own guilt, she did not dare to reveal that of Alcander. She knew that he was not deficient in personal courage, and she feared that the life of Pharamond might fall a sacrifice to the vengeance which she was certain he would seek.

Disappointed in the hopes of happiness which he had formed, Pharamond sought to lose the remembrance of his perfidious Flavia in riot and dissipation. His father's remonstrances and entreaties roused him at last from the excesses to which he at first abandoned himself; he forswore love for ever, and in the bustle of politics, into which he entered with great spirit, he found an effectual cure for his passion.

At that period his father died, leaving his affairs in a very embarrassed state, and the treachery of a steward in whom Pharamond entirely confided, completed the ruin of his fortune.

Pharamond had distinguished himself by the zeal with which he espoused the opposition party. His conduct was the effect of principle, and his patriotism was for a long time proof against distress, but the pressure of his necessities became at last so great, that he accepted a place. By this step he totally alienated the regard of the party which he abandoned, and it was impossible for him to conciliate that to which he went over, as several of its members had a perfect recollection of the bitter sarcasms by which he had formerly wounded them.

His distress had made him acquainted with the selfishness of Alcander, and though he never knew to what degree this false friend had injured him, his ingratitude had totally extinguished Pharamond's regard. Poor Pharamond now found himself in a situation of all others the most dangerous to a feeling soul. He was surrounded by beings with whom he was continually obliged to dissemble, and for whom he did not feel the smallest interest. By degrees a total change took place in his character, and ambition filled the aching void which betrayed love and unrequited friendship had left in his heart.

The thirst of power resembles the thirst of gold; it increases by being fed. Pharamond has risen step by step, till he has nothing more to gain; yet he is still unsatisfied. He is tormented too by a perpetual fear of losing the post which he at present holds, and to preserve it, he submits to mortifications from which his high spirit would once have revolted with disgust. No one who sees the smiling ease, the unvarying placidity of his manner, can conceive that his heart is a prey to fear, envy, and suspicion: yet such is the case. These baleful passions poison his life; habit has given him a degree of self-command, which enables him to conceal their workings from every eye; but the effort by which he effects this, only serves to plant their stings deeper in his heart.

Fortunio closed his volume with a sigh, and with expectations considerably lowered, went to pay a visit to Marcus. He found him in conversation with an officer, and after the first civilities were over, Fortunio took an opportunity to in-

quire the particulars of the last engagement in which Marcus had commanded. He admired the enthusiasm with which the general spoke of the bravery of his own troops, and the noble justice which he did to the valour of the enemy. It was evident that his whole heart was in his subject; the love of glory sparkled in his full dark eye, and as Fortunio saw his countenance gradually glow with honest pride and pleasure, he whispered to himself, that if Marcus was not happy, at least he could not be very wretched. He opened his volume, however, with much less confidence than he had done in the two former instances. Let us see what account it gave him of the History of Marcus.

PLATE 8.—NEW BETHLEM HOSPITAL.

HAVING in a preceding number described the architectural arrangement and general appearance of this institution, it will be sufficient here to advert to such particulars connected with its internal economy as are of any interest to the general reader.

This hospital is designed for the admission of all poor lunatics, except cripples and such as are afflicted with certain bodily diseases. Upon security being given that they shall be taken away when required, and have clothes found them, all admissible patients, except those from parishes and public offices, are admitted without fee or expense. Parishes and public offices pay three guineas for each, and enter into the same engagements. For incurables must be paid a deposit of five pounds, and nine shillings a week, besides their clothing; but if sent by poor friends, the weekly payment is reduced to six shillings. Patients remain till cured, or for twelve months, when they are to be discharged, unless there be then a prospect of cure.

According to the rules of this institution, no person whatever, except governors, or those in company with a governor, is to be permitted to view the hospital and patients; but the president or treasurer may give written orders for the admission of any member of either House of Parliament at convenient hours.

The keepers and servants are forbidden to receive any fee or gratuity whatever, either from visitors or others, on pain of dismission.

The official return of the state of this hospital as delivered to the lord mayor, according to custom, on Easter Monday last, was as follows:

Remaining in the hospital, 1815	118
Buried last year	8
Cured and discharged last year	102
Patients under cure	115
——— incurable	81

REFLECTIONS ON THE YEAR, WITH THE GROWTH OF THINGS.—*Written in* 1663.

THERE be in the year four quarters, the which are named thus, Ver, Hyems, Æstas, and Autumnus: these are the four seasons in the year. Prime-time is the spring of the year, containing February,

March, and April; in these three months every green thing growing beginneth to bud and flourish. Then cometh summer, as May, June, and July; and in these three months every heath and grain and tree is in his most strength and beauty, and then the sun is at the highest. Next cometh autumn, as August, September, and October, wherein all fruits wax ripe, and are gathered and housed. Then cometh November, December, and January, and these three months be in the winter; that time the sun is at the lowest, and is of little profit.

We astronomers say, that the age of man is threescore and twelve years, and that we liken to but one whole year, for evermore we take six years for every month, as January and February, and so forth; for as the year changeth by the twelve months into twelve divers manners, so doth man change himself twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every six times six maketh thirty-six, and then man is at the best, also the highest; and twelve times six maketh threescore and twelve, and that is the age of man. Thus you may count and reckon every month for six years, or else it may be understood by the four quarters and seasons of the year; so man is divided into four parts, as to youth, strength, wisdom, and age. He is to be eighteen years young, eighteen years strong, eighteen years in wisdom, and the fourth eighteen years to go to the full age of threescore and twelve.

The Change of Man twelve Times, according to the Months.

He must take the first six years for *January*, the which is of no virtue nor strength; in this season nothing on the earth groweth. So man, after that he is born, till he be six years of age, is of little or no wit, strength, or cunning, and may do little or nothing that cometh to any profit.

Then cometh *February*, and then the days lengthen, and the sun is hotter; then the fields begin to wax green. So in the other six years till he come to twelve, the child beginneth to grow bigger, and is apt to learn such things as are taught him.

Then cometh the month of *March*, in which the labourer soweth the earth, and planteth trees, and edifieth houses. The child in these six years waxeth big, to learn doctrine and science, and to be fair and pleasant and loving, for then he is eighteen years of age.

Then cometh *April*, that the earth and the trees are covered with flowers, and in every part goods increase abundantly. Then cometh the young man to gather the sweet flowers of hardiness; but then beware that the cold winds and storms of vice beat not down the flowers of good manners that should bring a man to honour, for then he is twenty-four years of age.

Then cometh *May*, that is both fair and pleasant, for then birds sing in woods and forests night and day; the sun shineth hot: then man is most lusty, mighty, and of proper strength, and seeketh plays, sport, and manly pastimes, for then he is full thirty years of age.

Then cometh *June*, and then the sun is at the highest in his meridional; he may ascend no higher in his station: his golden beams

ripen the corn; and then man is thirty-six years. He may ascend no more, for then nature hath given him courage and strength at the full, and ripeneth the seeds of perfect understanding.

Then cometh *July*, that fruits be set on sunning, and our corn a-hardening; but then the sun beginneth a little to descend downward. So the man goeth from youth toward age; it beginneth to acquaint him with sadness, for then he is come to forty-two years of age.

After that cometh *August*, then we gather in our corn, and also the fruits of the earth; and then man doth his diligence to gather, that he may find himself, maintain his wife, children, and household, when age cometh on him; and then, after that six years, he is forty-eight years of age.

Then cometh *September*, that wines be made, and the fruits of the trees be gathered; and therewithal he doth freshly begin to garnish his house, and make provision of needful things to live with in winter, which draweth very near: and then man is in his most stedfast and covetous estate, prosperous in wisdom, purposing to gather and keep as much as shall be sufficient for him in his age, when he may gather no more; and then he is fifty-four years of age.

Then cometh *October*, when all is gathered, both corn and other kinds of fruits, also the labourers plough and sow new seeds in the earth for the year to come; and then he that nought soweth, nought gathereth. And then in these six years a man shall take himself unto God to do penance and good works, and then the benefits the year after his death he may gather and have spiritual profit; and then man is fully the term of threescore years.

Then cometh *November*, that the days be very short, and the sun in a manner giveth but little heat, and the trees lose their leaves, the fields that were green look hoar and grey; then all manner of herbs are hid in the ground, and then appeareth no flower, and winter is come, that the man hath understanding of age, and hath lost his kindly heat and strength; his teeth begin to rot and fail him, and then hath he little hope of long life, but desireth to come to the life everlasting; and these six years make him threescore and six years of age.

Last of all cometh *December*, full of cold, with frost and snow, with great winds and stormy weather, that a man cannot labour: the sun is then at the lowest, the trees and the earth are hid in snow. Then it is good to hold them nigh the fire, and to spend the goods that they got in summer; for then man beginneth to wax crooked and feeble, and then he loseth his perfect understanding, and his heirs desire death; and these six years make him full threescore and twelve years, and if he live any longer, it is by his good guiding and dieting in his youth. Howbeit, it is possible that a man may live till he be a hundred years of age, but there be few who live so long.

C——.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XX.

What beauty is I know.——Prior.

Though my subject may interest my own sex, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists who have thought proper to determine, that beauty is rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength or swiftness, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes altogether out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness, or the distinction of merit.

To such philosophising pedagogues I shall beg leave to remark, that beauty is among those qualities, which no power of argument, no effort of human wit can bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wished, at least, that beauty was in some degree dependant upon sentiment and manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy; and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which only differs from a stone or a log by the skill of the artificer, and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must surely approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I shall, however, principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance, for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion; and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is little less than that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular, and which are generally considered as subordinate, graces, the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident: dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency: so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen if it depended upon any known

rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin. He tells you that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole. He calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is, perhaps, possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects: it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, well known by the name of *affectation*. It will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languishment, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks, which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain: the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health; it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection, but as paint is apt to leave the countenance more pallid and sickly, the passions burst forth with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite a more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, according to my doctrine, which, for the happiness of my sex, cannot be too generally propagated and believed, depends principally upon the mind, and, consequently, may be influenced by education. It has been remarked by those who have studied the physiognomy of the "human face divine," that the predominant passion in any character may be generally discovered in the countenance, because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax, so that the expression remains when the passion is suspended; thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the more pleasing and the softer passions, that

they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act: their prevalence, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features, which make a more favourable and forcible impression on the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Lavater argues strongly, ingeniously, though not always conclusively, on the influence of the organic construction of certain parts of the human frame on intellectual character: I shall not, however, perplex my readers with any quotations from his curious work, but proceed in my own way to the illustration of my subject.

I have further to observe, that the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, is not so dangerous to the possessor as that which proceeds from the mere attraction of features. It is, to use an Eastern metaphor, "like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence." If it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it. Beauty of this description and character represses with awe, softens with delicacy, and wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is blended with that of beauty, because the latter is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of native appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity. Every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered by the most sordid infidelity and a breach of the strongest obligations.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces but in the school of Virtue, and that those who wish to be *lovely* must learn to be *good*.

I shall beg leave to add a letter which I have received on the foregoing subject, and which serves to enliven the moral, philosophic discourse which precedes it.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

It will be sufficient for me to introduce myself to you as seventeen years of age, with a handsome fortune, and I suppose I may say, as every body else does, with a considerable share of beauty. Till I had finished my growth, the old ladies complimented me, and the young ones sought my company; but since the gentlemen have begun to discharge their glances at me, and that I have been distinguished in the societies to which my mother has presented me, in short, since I appear to have grown into the favour of the other sex, I have lost the esteem of my own. Some of those with whom I had been intimate became cold and indifferent, and others gave up all acquaintance on the imputation of disagreeable qualities, which they had themselves invented. It was but the other evening when I was

treated with absolute incivility from the following circumstance:—A gentleman, who had been very facetious to several ladies in the company, at length turning to me, thought proper to exclaim, "As for you, madam, Prior has described you in the following couplet:

"That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."

Immediately a malignant smile displayed itself on the countenance of every lady in the company, and verses ridiculing those who were vain of such a trumpery thing as a pretty face were loudly quoted, but which I shall not repeat. I continually meet with similar insults, and I wish to advise with you how I am to defend myself against such abominable misconduct. Is there no possible way to baffle the malice which persecutes me? What is the value of beauty when it renders the possessor unhappy? and why was Nature so lavish of her gifts to me, as to make her kindness prove a cruelty? I am told that my shape is delicate, my eyes sparkling, my lips I know not what, my cheeks, forsooth, adorned with a just mixture of the rose and lily; but these enviable qualities, as they are supposed to be, have been the cause of so much unmerited uneasiness to me, that, incredible as it may be, I should be glad to exchange them; I do not say for deformity and disagreeableness, but for just such a portion of personal attractions as may allow me to live easy and unmolested, that I may not excite such a degree of admiration among the men as to make me an object of scandal and hatred among the women. I do assure you, madam, that my conduct is irreproachable; that I do not give myself airs; that, to the utmost of my power, I studiously avoid the shadow of affectation of any kind; that so far from running into fashionable extremes, I carefully avoid them; that I study to improve my mind, and pursue, without any display of superiority, the attainment of those qualifications, and no more, that are suited to my sex and years, and my situation in life: and yet not a week passes but I receive some mortifications which I do not deserve, and can attribute them only to those personal gifts of nature, in which I have no merit, and whose attractions accident may diminish, and time will, in a few years, inevitably destroy.

Say something, I beseech you, which, while it may correct others, may afford instruction and consolation to your uncomfortable, humble servant,

AMANDA CHEERLESS.

My fair correspondent is among the very few who think superior beauty a misfortune. It often, indeed, proves so; though with her way of thinking, it will not, I trust, be a misfortune to her. She may, I think, comfort herself with this consideration:—That those who propagate stories against her, know them to be false, and are only endeavouring to make others believe them to be true. My advice, fair lady, is to disappoint their envious efforts by not suffering them to make you unhappy; conduct yourself as you ought; assume a becoming courage when you appear in the world, and these petty scandals will vanish before you. Thus a great philosopher of ancient times,

on hearing it was asserted by certain persons that he was a bad man, calmly replied, "I shall take care to live in such a way that nobody will believe it."

F—— T——.

ADDRESS PRESENTED TO JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.

In Covent-Garden Theatre on the Night of his Farewell, June 23, 1817.

Written by particular request, for the Occasion, by WM. CAREY.

THE testimonies of respect to this great performer emanated from various quarters. The plan of an invitation by a public advertisement to a dinner at the Freemasons' Hall, and the present of a piece of plate, were liberally forwarded by his brethren of Covent-Garden Theatre, and taken up by the nobility, gentry, men of letters, and artists of the country. The idea of an address for a *Farewell*, but *not a final one*, originated in a distant circle of lovers of the drama, not personally known to Mr. Kemble. In their subsequent choice of a writer, they applied to one who also was an entire stranger to Mr. Kemble, and was only known to them by the circumstance of his having, in various publications, for many years spontaneously expressed his sense of that eminent actor's powers. He could not, therefore, be supposed to speak any other than his unbiassed opinions, which had already met their concurrence. The manuscript was read in private circles, and in the pit at Covent-Garden, some time before it was printed. Only two days before the *first* intended night of delivery, a printed copy being, as is customary on such occasions, communicated to reach him; the resolution of Mr. Kemble to persevere in his farewell was received with regret, but not without hope. Printed copies were, also, handed through private circles in town, a week before the farewell night. On that night, between the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th acts, printed copies were circulated by several gentlemen in the pit and boxes; and were perused with earnest attention. It was at the same time circulated in the galleries: a cabinet copy had, also, been printed in gold letters, upon white satin, surrounded by a wreath of roses, surmounted by a crown of laurel, and encompassed by an outer border embroidered in gold. The tassels on each corner were acorns of gold twist. This tasteful expression of public respect was accompanied by a superb crown of laurel, to decorate the brows of Mr. Kemble, and both were handed by the audience from seat to seat, from the back to the front of the pit, to be presented at the conclusion of the play. They were then delivered by the gentleman, who held them, to M. Talma, the celebrated French tragedian, who sat in the orchestra, with a request that he would fling them upon the stage for Mr. Kemble. This was executed and applauded, with loud cries for Mr. Fawcett, the stage-manager, to present them to Mr. Kemble. One of the servants entered to clear the stage, but was warned by the general shout not to touch these testimonies of public respect.

Mr. Fawcett entered and took up the satin scroll and crown, and shewed them to the audience, with these words:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I presume that I am to consider this crown and scroll as a mark of public respect to Mr. Kemble. If it be your pleasure to depute me to present the laurel to that gentleman, it will be the most delightful task which ever fell to my lot to perform." The whole house by a burst of applause and cries of "*Yes, yes*,"—communicated their desire. Mr. Fawcett, with respectful acknowledgments bowing, assured the audience, that, "in their name, he would present their compliment to Mr. Kemble;" and withdrew, with the crown and address, amidst fresh tokens of esteem and respect for the eminent actor whom they had just lost. The address was as follows:—

SIR,

After having so long received from the display of your eminent abilities, the greatest degree of gratification and instruction, which the highest class of histrionic representation could bestow, we think upon the near approach of your intended farewell to the stage, with sentiments of deep concern, and, if possible, an increase of respect. In justice to the interests of the drama, and our own feelings, we would fain postpone the moment of a separation so painful. Fitted by the endowments of nature and by classical acquirements, by high association and the honourable ambition of excellence, you have, for upwards of thirty years, dignified the profession of an actor, by your private conduct and public exertions in the British capital. We beheld in your personification the spirit of history and poetry united. In embodying the characters of Shakspeare and our other dramatic writers, you were not contented to revive an outward show of their greatness alone. The splendour of an antique costume—the helmet and armour—the crown and sceptre, all that pertains to the insignia of command, are easily assumed. When you appeared, the habit and the man were as soul and body. The age and country in which we live were forgotten. Time rolled back a long succession of centuries. The grave gave up its illustrious dead. Cities and nations long passed away, re-appeared; and the elder brothers of renown, the heroes and statesmen, the sages and monarchs of other years, girt in the brightness of their shadowy glory, lived, and loved, and fought, and bled, before us. We beheld in you not only their varying looks and gestures, their proud march and grandeur of demeanour, but the elevated tone of their mind and the flame of their passions. We mean not here to enumerate the various characters in which you have shone as the light of your era: but we may be allowed to say, that *you excelled in that which was most excellent;* that wherever the grandeur of an exalted mind was united with majesty of person; wherever the noblest organ was required for the noblest expression; wherever nature, holding up the mould of character, called for an impression from the most precious of metals, there she looked to Kemble as her gold; there you shone with preeminent lustre.

In the austere dignity of *Cato*, the

stern patriotism of *Brutus*, the fiery bearing of *Coriolanus*, and the mad intoxication of *Alexander*, you transported your audience in imagination, alternately to Greece, Rome, or Babylon. Seconded by the well-painted illusion of local scenery, you seemed every where in your native city, every where contemporary with the august edifices of the ancient world. In you some of those great characters lived, and we cannot conceal our apprehensions, that, when you withdraw, we shall lose sight of them for a long time, and, as life is short, perhaps for ever. In expressing this sentiment, we feel a warm respect for every actor of genius. A mind like yours would be wounded by any compliment that was not founded in the most liberal sense of general desert. It is an additional merit in you to have obtained distinction in an age of refinement, and from a Public qualified to appreciate your powers. A small light shines in darkness; but you have flourished amidst a circle of generous competitors for fame, whose various abilities we admire, and in whose well-earned applause we proudly join. They behold in the honours which your country pays to you, the permanence of that celebrity which they have already so deservedly acquired, and a sure pledge of the future honours which await upon the close of their professional career. We, therefore, earnestly entreat, that you will not at once deprive the public of their gratification, and the stage of your support. We entreat of you not to take your final leave on the night named for your last performance. All we ask, is, that you will consent to perform a few nights each season, so long as your health will permit. We adjure you to grant this request, by your own fame, an object which is not more dear to you than it is to us, and we confidently rely upon your respect for public opinion, that you will not cover us with the regret of a refusal. We have spared the annexation of signatures as inadequate and unnecessary, even if our numbers and restricted limits permitted that form. The pealing applause of the audience, each night of your performance, *and the united voice which accompanies this*, are the best attestation of the public sentiment.

Monday, June 23, 1817.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Gradus ad Parnassum, or the Art of Playing on the Piano-Forte, exemplified in a Series of Exercises in the strict and in the free Styles; composed, and dedicated to her Excellency the Princess Sophia Wolkonsky, by Muzio Clementi. Pr. 1l. 1s.

It may require an apology to our readers to have delayed till now a notice of this important work. We have had it in our possession some months, but we wished to be familiarized with its plan and contents before we would attempt speaking of it. That this resolution demanded some time in its execution, those who have examined the "Gradus ad Parnassum" will not deny. The steps by which Mr. C. guides the way to the mountain of the Muses are not of easy as-

cent, they require laborious climbing; but whoever has successfully achieved the toilsome journey, to him any other, the most rugged, path in the whole realm of harmony will appear but a promenade. On investigating the pages before us, the whimsical question suggested itself: Supposing the shade of Clementi to arrive with this book under his arm in the Elysian Fields, what would Pythagoras, Aristoxenus, Olympus, or any other of the celebrated Grecian theorists, say of his labour, admitting that they understood our mode of musical notation? Whatever might be their judgment on its merits, we are confident they would consider Clementi as an impostor, if he told them, that, in the world he had left, all these notes could be executed by *one* man upon *one* instrument. Many of these exercises are set in four distinct and independent parts, the inner ones of which are kept in activity by middle fingers, while the extreme parts are sustained or carried on by the rest of the hand. The author appears to have had for his principal aim the grand object of rendering the fingers independent of each other, the strengthening those that are usually neglected, and thus producing an equality of nerve and pliability among them all. But while the pieces, which serve as vehicles of this essential system of drill, fully accomplish the object intended, they, at the same time, present a treasure of science and profound harmonic combinations, which it would be as presumptuous in us, as it would be tedious to our readers, to analyze in this place; as in a gallery of masterpieces of the pencil, we turn from one subject to the other, in doubtful hesitation which to admire most. Before we dismiss the present work from our consideration, it may be well to admonish the student, not, like a butterfly, to flutter with superficial eagerness from one exercise to the other, nor to be disheartened by difficulties at first deemed insuperable. Let perseverance be his motto: let him consider that these movements are *studies*, which time and intense application only will enable him to master; no matter whether he be a fortnight in the practice of one number, so this fortnight renders him master of the task. The *tempi* of all the movements cannot be mistaken, as they are *metronomically* indicated; and it will be adviseable, at first at least, not only to let the metronome beat throughout the performance, but to set it much slower than marked, and gradually to accelerate the tempo until the pupil's ability is adequate to the performance in proper time.

"*The rosy-cheek'd Boy at the Cottager's Door*," *a Ballad, sung by Mr. Horn at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane.* Pr. 2s.

The *melody* and words of this ballad are stated to be by the author of "The Village Milkmaid," "The Baronet's Choice," and some other songs, all which have passed critical muster in former numbers of our miscellany. Although the present production presents us with unquestionable traces of the author's lyric talent, we deem it inferior to any of his former labours. The melody does not proceed throughout in equally smooth connection, and the ideas and style are more of the common kind.

The harmony, on the contrary, although not free from objection, appears to have been better attended to; and upon the whole we think we perceive progressive improvement in the accompaniments of this author's songs. This is as it should be, for although he only lays claim to the melody, the public have a right to expect his melodies correctly harmonized.

Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Ann Smith, by C. L. Lithander. Op. 6. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The introduction consists of an adagio in B minor, in which pathetic expression, originality of conception, and scientific treatment, form predominant features; its conclusion, in which the author modulates through broken chords, fancifully sprinkled over the whole range of the key-board, is devised in the best style. The subject of the rondo, in E major, is rendered attractive by the elegant smoothness of its pastoral melody, which is followed by an apposite contrast of energetic unisono ascent; after which Mr. L. enters upon a succession of digressive matter, interspersed with a variety of elaborate modulations, highly to his credit as a writer, and, we may say, as a professor; for we have had the advantage of hearing him perform his own production in a style of perfection and genuine feeling, the impression of which will not soon be effaced. In the harmony, bold as he sometimes ventures his flights, we observe a purity that bespeaks firmness of theoretical principles; one passage alone struck us as rather exceeding the limits of compositorial licence: we allude to *p.* 7, *l.* 3, where, after an ascent from the key of C through alternate sixths and thirds, he arrives at the chord of B by means of an harmonic progression, liable, in our opinion, to essential objection. But this transient irregularity is far from affecting the general value and character of a composition, in every respect entitled to the highest favour at the hands of the true lovers of the art.

La Sauterelle, a Divertisement for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute or Harmonica, ad libitum, composed by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 4s.

La Sauterelle, we suppose, takes its title from the skipping style in which the first movement of this divertimento is set. It is a march of regular construction, well put together, and effective in melody and harmony, without striking originality. The variation of the theme, *pp.* 4, &c. is in good taste, and reminds us of what is called the Copenhagen Walz. The succeeding movement is a rondo of very pleasing texture; the subject, which is not altogether new, is sprightly and artless in expression; the deductions drawn from it are such as to do credit to Mr. R.'s inventive conception and taste (especially the digressions, *pp.* 8 and 10); and the conclusion is worked up with much ingenuity and effect. There is one passage (*p.* 6, *l.* 4,) which is liable to objection: the progress of the harmony is rather harsh, and the rhythm infringed.

Preludes, in a progressive Style, for the Piano-Forte, composed for the Use of young Ladies, by T. Latour. Pr. 6s.

Although these preludes seem exclusively intended for young ladies, we perceive nothing in them

which could render it improper to put them into the hands of pupils of the other sex. We derived much entertainment from them: they are sensibly arranged, composed in good taste and style, and adapt themselves remarkably well to the fingers. The keys (major and minor) extend to four flats and four sharps, with the exception of the minor sharp keys, of which the preludes consist only of the key of E minor, probably to avoid difficulty. Although there are from eight to nine preludes in every key, the subjects of the first four or five numbers in each key is the same, but amplified in the style of variations, so that the progression from the easy to the more difficult is strictly and judiciously maintained.

Dr. Haydn's Grand Symphony in B (♭), as performed at the Philharmonic Society, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Ross and Miss Key, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 5s.

Few of our readers can be unacquainted with the above charming symphony, and particularly with the elegant romance-allegretto in E♭, which forms its second movement. The adaptation of it as a piano-forte duet will, therefore, be received as a welcome addition to the library of performers on that instrument, especially with the recommendation which it carries with itself. It appears to us correct and effective, although free from over-crowded harmony and intricacies of execution. The second, especially, is set so as to be mastered by a very moderate proficient: we should deem it too plain, were we not satisfied that the main object of Mr. B. was, by steering clear of difficulties, to render his labour accessible and relishing to limited abilities.

"*Friendship, Love, and Wine,*" *a Round, the Words by W. Ball, Esq. adapted to three national Walzes.* Pr. 1s. 6d. Chappell and Co.

Three distinct walzes, the first, *Ach du lieber Augustin*, the second equally well known to us, although not by any name, and the third, called the *Tyrolese Walz*, are, with considerable ingenuity, brought together so as to constitute a vocal terzett, of which each walz forms a part: the words to each part are given in English and French, and a piano-forte accompaniment supports the whole. It is rather curious to find how well these three separate tunes combine into a simultaneous harmony of treble, tenor, and bass, so as to produce a very agreeable glee. The reason, of course, lies in the construction of all regular walzes, which may even be produced by musical dice.

Exmouth, the Pride of British Peers, sung with the highest applause at the public Concerts by Mr. L. Lee, composed by W. H. Astor. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This is the first musical production bearing Mr. Astor's name that has come under our observation; we hope it will not be the last. The number of wretched sailors' songs had, we own, not created a favourable bias on beholding the title, but we soon found this to be of a very different complexion from the generality of its brethren. The melody is at once dignified, tasteful, and free from commonplace expressions; and the accompani-

ment not only well conceived *upon the whole,* but in some instances peculiarly select and effective. The harmony, in several places, would have been capable of emendation. In the 11th bar, *p.* 1, for instance, the direct chord of the seventh (C 7), not one of its inversions ought to have led to the conclusion of the symphony. In the first bar, *p.* 2, the chords for the third and fourth crotchets proceed by consecutive octaves with the melody. A similar instance of objectionable octaves occurs in the second and third bars of the symphony, *p.* 3; and the same fault of inefficient resolution, as before observed, presents itself at the end. Without enlarging upon further oversights of this description, we flatter ourselves, that what has been said will be sufficient to call the author's attention to the essential requisite of pure harmony, in the event of future compositions. When there is so much to commend, it is a pity to have any thing at all to find fault with.

First Fantasie for the Piano-Forte, the Themes by Mozart, from the Opera Le Nozze di Figaro; composed, and dedicated to Miss Willis, of Dublin, by Fred. Ries. Op. 77. No. I. Pr. 5s.

When we consider the number and the rapid succession of Mr. Ries's works, and reflect on the constant round of professional avocations that engross his time, we feel an agreeable surprise in finding the quality of his labour unimpaired by the quantity. We, therefore, deem his unabating diligence as praiseworthy as his talents and genius are admirable. If at this moment, when but just arrived at the prime of life, the musical world were doomed to regret his loss, the treasure he would leave behind would endear his name to succeeding generations, and of that bequest the Fantasia before us would form a valuable portion. Its title-page illustrates the plan on which it is constructed: it is a kind of *pot-pourri* of Mozart's Figaro, from which a great number of themes have been selected, linked together with infinite skill and taste, and varied, amplified, and remodulated with all the art and science with which Mr. R. is so eminently gifted. Among the subjects that take successively the lead, we observe "Voi che sapete," "Signore cos' è quel stupore," "Sù l'aria, che soave zefiretto," "Se a caso madama:" and these, with some others, after having passed muster, and submitted, in their turn, to infinite protean transformations, enjoined to them by the magic wand of true musical genius, are at the end, by the same spell, collectively called forth, as if to exhibit again, and at one view, the materials with which the interesting structure has been raised.

The Piano-Forte made easy to every Capacity, and the Art of Fingering clearly explained in a Series of Instructions and Examples; to which are added forty-five Lessons, composed, or selected from classical Authors, by J. Jousse. *Fifth Edition, with Alterations and Improvements.* Pr. 8s.

The value and utility of Mr. Jousse's well-known Piano-Forte Instructor is practically attested by the circumstance of the work having reached a *fifth* edition. The additions and improvements in the

latter appear to be as follows: A chapter has been added on the use of the pedals; another on the various touches used in playing on the piano-forte; and a third on the nature of accents, emphasis, and syncopation. These articles form an appendix, so as to preserve the body of the instructions in the former order. Lastly, some favourite airs have been substituted for others in the preceding editions, which were deemed either too difficult or less attractive.

Caller Herrings, a favourite Scotch Air, arranged, with Variations for the Piano-Forte or Harp, by Philip Knapton. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Although this theme appears to us not very favourable for the purpose of variations (for which, nevertheless, it is frequently made choice of), we must own that Mr. K. has successfully exerted himself in bestowing upon it a skilful and interesting treatment. From this commendation the beginning of the second strain (which imitates bells) might suffer some exception, were it not that the failure in its representation, under a variety of forms, is to be attributed to the nature of the subject itself. The second variation is throughout proper, and presents some clever traits of harmonic arrangement towards the end. No. 3, also, is active and fluent in progress; and No. 4, in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, perfectly satisfactory.

"*As Violets bow'd," a Duet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte; the Words by Mrs. J. Cobbold, from a MS. Opera of "The Emir of Balbec," composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Robert Cobbold*, by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 2s.

A diligent, perhaps even a laborious, aim at selectness in melody and harmony is obviously perceptible in the construction of this duet, which, with some qualification, claims our approbation. The piano-forte extract before us contains errors against harmony, which perhaps are not in the score; while, on the other hand, it has occasionally more of the score entailed upon it than suits the convenience of two hands. The symphony is ingeniously borrowed from the body of the duet, and well put together. The beginning of the vocal part is somewhat naked and antiquated, and the ascent of the voice to the F's at "Upon the glossy foliage rest," before having developed and well told a regular subject, is very premature, and the same words are too often repeated. Elmira's part, in the third line, is well conceived, especially the passage "Feels pity," &c. The *à due* portion, *p.* 3, is likewise commendable, although the accompaniment might have set out with something more than a literal copy of the voices. Some traits of clever contrivance have here not escaped our notice. The concluding symphony is neat and fanciful, but not free from harmonic errors.

"*Love, awake," a Serenade, written by Daniel O'Meara, Esq. adapted to a celebrated Russian Melody, as sung at the Nobility's Concerts, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Spanish Guitar*, by C. M. Sola. Pr. 1s. 6d.

To adapt a sonnet of tender amatory import to a walz tune, we deem a bold undertaking; but we also are of opinion, that Mr. Sola has been successful both in the selection of his subject and in the execution of the task he proposed to himself. The melody, which

we had hitherto considered of German origin, bears the stamp of national originality, and is extremely pleasing; the arrangement, simple as it appears, is creditable, and the musical interest is enhanced by the value of the poetry.

"*Now is'nt it a pity,*" *the favourite Ballad sung by Miss Tunstall at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the Burletta entitled Plants and Planets, written by C. Dibdin, Esq. composed* by J. Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This ballad may be termed an agreeable musical bagatelle. The ideas are not new, especially when compared with other compositions of Mr. W.'s (*e. g.* "Winny Wilkins"); but the apt connection of the whole texture of the melody, its lightsome character, and its correspondency with the words, infuse sufficient interest into the whole. The burthen, "Now is'nt it a pity," is very naturally expressed. The vocal and instrumental parts present not the slightest difficulty of execution.

Button, Whitaker, and Co.'s Miniature Edition of Payne's and Wilson's Quadrille Figures, in French and English. Pr. 3s.

Without professing to enter into the merits of this pretty little book, which, although not exceeding the size of a visiting-card, contains, in upwards of one hundred close pages, a world of important matter—for the fashionable ball-room—we presume our fair readers will not find fault with us for just bringing the lilliputian folio under their notice. It explains in letter-press the figures of about fifty quadrilles. The music to these, with the figures on the back, we find is likewise published in an equally compendious form on cards of a larger size, each containing one quadrille, with a bass accompaniment.

"*The Robin,*" *an admired Ballad, sung by Master Williams, the Music composed* by Mr. G. Nicks. Pr. 1s.

Were the harmonic arrangement of this ballad free from error, we should be enabled to speak of it with much commendation. The melody is tasteful, replete with chaste simplicity, the periods are in rhythmical symmetry, and grow out of each other in natural succession; in short, the tune is well constructed. To vouch our observation as to faulty harmony, we need only refer to the beginning of the second line in the symphony, which contains both octaves and fifths of harsh succession: *p.* 2, *b.* 4, the bass ought to proceed thus—F※ D, E C※, &c.; and in the same page, *l.* 5, *b.* 3, the accompaniment ought to be E 3 6, D 4 6; not to mention other incongruities.

Three Sets of progressive Preludes for the Piano-Forte, in major and minor Keys, composed by W. Ling. Op. 9. Pr. 5s.

The arrangement of this publication is as follows: The preludes in the first and easiest set consist of little more than a succession of simultaneous chords in five major and their relative minor keys. In the second set there are preludes for nine major and as many relative minor keys. These are chiefly arpeggios of chords broken into their component parts. Thus far the key of each constitutes its only difference from its companion, all being merely transpositions from the models in C major and A minor. Far from considering this objec-

tionable, we conceive it judicious, not only on the score of easiness, but also because the pupil thereby is better initiated into the characteristics of each key and of the chords most allied to it. In the third set, the good sense of Mr. L. has suggested a different plan. Here each prelude varies in style and treatment; each consists of a short movement or rhapsody; and here he has not only displayed all the taste and science which on other occasions we have given him credit for, but a rich vein of fanciful invention, always guided by a classic *tact.*

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF FRENCHWOMEN.

(From *Lady* MORGAN'S " *France.*")

THERE is perhaps no country in the world where the social position of woman is so delectable as in France. The darling child of society, indulged, not spoiled, presiding over its pleasures, preserving its refinements, taking nothing from its strength, adding much to its brilliancy, permitted the full exercise of all her faculties, retaining the full endowment of all her graces, she pursues the golden round of her honoured existence, limited only in her course by her feebleness and her taste, by her want of power and absence of inclination to " overstep the modesty of nature," or to infringe upon privileges exclusively the attribute of the stronger sex.

" To paint the character of woman," says Diderot, " you must use the feather of a butterfly's wing." He must have meant the character of a Frenchwoman, who unites to more solid qualities many of the peculiar attributes of that lively insect. Light, brilliant, and volatile, she seems to flutter on the surface of life, with endless adaptations to its forms; but quick, shrewd, and rapid in her perceptions, she appears to reach by intuition what intellect vainly toils to obtain by inference and combination. More susceptible than sensible, more awakened through her imagination than excited through her heart, love is to her almost a *jeu d'enfant.* The distrust she inspires in her lover acts favourably for her interest on the natural inconstancy of man, and she secures the durability of her chain by the carelessness with which she imposes it.

It is no uncommon thing in France to see the most lasting attachment succeed to the most lively passion, and all that was faulty in unlicensed love become all that is respectable in disinterested friendship. There is nothing more common than to behold long-attached friends pairing off from the more prosperous lists of society, to unite their forces against the attacks of adversity, and who suffer

with resignation because they suffer together. These friendships, equally common between individuals of different and the same sexes, are tacit eulogiums on the married state in its best aspect, and indicate the necessity of a sympathy of interests and feelings with some being willing to blend its existence and identity with our own, even when passion no longer animates nor love cements the tie of the communion.

I have known a French lady attend with the most devoted care her sick friend for weeks together; live at her bed-side, " explain the asking eye," anticipate every wish, and forego every pleasure, to fulfil the duties of friendship; and yet the death of this person, wept for a few hours with bitterness and vehemence, in a few days left no trace of sadness behind it. This happy, though not heroic, facility of character is purely constitutional; and while it operates graciously upon all the ills of life, while it quickly absorbs the tear and dissipates the sigh, it neither interferes with the duties nor chills the affections of existence. Though it would make no figure in tragedy or romance, it supports resignation, cheers adversity, and enhances those transient pleasures whose flight is scarcely perceived ere their place is supplied. This light volatile tone of character, this incapacity for durable impression, this transient susceptibility to evil, is after all, perhaps, the secret sought by philosophers. The views of the Epicurean and the sceptic, well understood, seem to meet at that point which nature has made the basis of the French character; arriving by different routes to the same conclusion, that true sensibility is, to feel but not to be overcome.

A Frenchwoman has no hesitation in acknowledging that the *besoin de sentir* is the first want of her existence; that a succession of pursuits is necessary to preserve the current of life from that stagnation which is the death of all vivid and gracious emotions. It appears indeed to be the peculiar endowment of the French temperament, to preserve even to the last ebb of life that unworn sensibility, that vigour, freshness, and facility of sensation, which are usually confined to the earliest periods of human existence, and which ordinarily lose their gloss and energy with the first and earliest impressions.

I was speaking one day to a royalist lady of the many charming qualities of a mutual friend of ours, and on the excellent character of her husband. She replied with a shrug, " *Quant à lui le bon homme, c'est une excellente personne; cependant, ma chère, il ne remplit pas l'âme de sa charmante femme.*" This want of *having her soul occupied* by a husband to whom she had been twenty-five years married, I thought rather an exaction on the part of the *charmante femme;* and I could not help observing, that, notwithstanding this singular refinement upon married happiness, I considered Mons. and Mad. de **** an exemplary couple. My royalist friend agreed with me; adding, that " it must be confessed, *l'amour conjugal* was much more prevalent since the revolution than before; and that *maintenant il y a d'excellens ménages dans la France.*"

To the custom of selling wives with halters round their necks among the lower classes in England, the French make constant allusions. Nothing places our own prejudices in so strong a light as thus coming in contact with the national prejudices of others. In England all French husbands are considered as *des messieurs commodes;* in France all English husbands are frequently distinguished by the epithet *des brutals.*—"*Voila,*" said a French lady with whom I was driving in the Champs Elysées—*voila miladi **** et son brutal!*" pointing to an English couple not celebrated for their conjugal felicity. Of the frequency of divorces in England, the publicity which reflects the mother's shame on her innocent offspring, the indecent exposure of the trials, where every respect for manners is brutally violated, and the pecuniary remuneration accepted by the injured husband, the French speak with horror and contempt; particularly as women whose character is no longer equivocal, are received in the English circles of Paris by persons of the highest rank.

"Your divorces," said a French lady to me, "seem not to proceed in general from any very fine or delicate sense of honour; but to be as much a matter *de convenance* between the parties, as marriages formerly were among us." Legal divorces are rare in France: formal and eternal separations made privately by the parties are more general; and when love survives in one object the honour and fidelity of the other, measures of greater violence are sometimes adopted, more consonant to the impetuous character of a people whose passions are rather quick than deep-seated, and who frequently act upon impulse in a manner which even a momentary reflection would disclaim.

During my residence in Paris, a young man of condition destroyed himself, on having obtained proofs of his wife's frailty. A few weeks afterwards a gentleman shot himself through the head in the churchyard of Vaugirard, not because his wife was *faithless*, but (as he declared in a written paper found in his pocket) because she was *insensible* to his own passion.

A more interesting case of conjugal suicide was related to me, while I was travelling through Normandy. A Mons. C—, whose beautiful seat I saw near Rouen, had destroyed himself a few months before on the tomb of his deceased wife. She had inspired this romantic husband with the most ardent passion, and died in the prime of her beauty and her youth of a rapid decline. Mons. C. struggled in vain against the despondency her loss occasioned. The unequal conflict between reason and feeling finally decided him on the desperate step he had long meditated. He devoted some weeks to the arrangement of his affairs (for he was a rich manufacturer of cloth); and having settled his large property on his infant children, whom he committed to the guardianship of his brothers, he put a period to his existence, assigning no reason for this act of desperation, but his total inability to enjoy life, after having lost her who had long made it precious to him.

As long as the frailties of a

Frenchwoman of fashion are *peccate celate;* as long as she lives upon good terms with her husband, and does the honours of his house, she has the same latitude and the same reception in society as is obtained by women similarly situated in England, where, like the Spartan boy, she is punished not for her *crime* but *for its discovery.* There a divorce only marks the line between reputation and its loss: society will not *take hints,* and a woman must *publicly advertise her fault* before she can obtain credit for having committed it. The high circles of Paris are to the full as indulgent as those of London. *Lovers understood* are not *paramours convicted;* and as long as a woman does not make an *esclandre;* as long as she is decent and circumspect, and " assumes the virtue which she has not," she holds her place in society, and continues to be, not indeed *respected* but *received.*

If, in these anti-chivalric times, there yet remains a spot where man seems a *preux* by nature, and woman may be a " *queen for life,*" it is unquestionably France. Even age there does not inevitably dismiss one sex from the lists of admiration, nor release the other from the obligations of attention and respect. " *Avoir un charme jusqu'à dans les rides*" is not confined to those forms which time has spared and over whose waning charms Love still sheds the reflection of his departed light.

I know not whether it may be deemed fatal or serviceable to morality, that the spirit of slander meets no encouragement in French society, and that a tendency to defamation is considered an irrefragable proof of ill-breeding and vulgar origin. This seeming leniency to the faults of others does not wholly spring from an indulgence indiscriminate in its views of *good* and *evil.* It arises in a certain degree from a fulness of mind, a copiousness and fluency of conversation, that is never driven by its own barrenness to the discussion of subjects merely and invariably of a personal and private nature. Few are so idle, so ignorant, or so shallow, as to be indebted to the frailties of their neighbours or their friends for their sole topic of conversation and remark.

There is also indeed on this point a circumspection which leaves the *mere* stranger in Parisian society liable to imposition; for few like to " throw the first stone," and " *Je ne la connois pas*" is the usual reply to any inquiries made on the subject of such females who though not of the family *de la pruderie,* still hold their precarious places in society by a decency and propriety of conduct which lay suspicion at rest.

The innumerable sets, circles, and parties into which the immense mass of Parisian society is broken up, does not admit of that universal exposure of character, which, in a smaller sphere of action, or where society is more blended and forms one great whole, places every member of the community before the mirror of general observation. None but characters of eminence and celebrity can be brought before the tribunal of public opinion in Paris, and receive the indelible marks of infamy or high consideration. To whatever extent domestic virtue and conjugal fidelity may

be carried in France by the dissemination of useful knowledge and the progress of moral philosophy, it is extremely difficult to come at any direct proofs of their violation.

In the lowest places of public amusement, in the most mixed and motley assemblies, all is decency and seeming propriety. No look shocks the eye, no word offends the ear of modesty and innocence. Vice is never rendered dangerous by example, nor are its allurements familiarized to the mind of youth by the publicity of its exhibitions. This propriety of exterior, this moral decency in manners, has been made a subject of accusation against the French by recent travellers, who demonstrate their patriotism by extolling even the licentiousness which, in England, openly presenting itself to public observance, marks by very obvious limits the line between vice and virtue. But England, the first country in the world, because still the *freest*, will disdain this parasitical eulogium on all that is faulty in her social institutions, and surely not rank those among her friends, who would intoxicate her with the incense of indiscriminate praise, and confounding her virtues and her faults, lull her into that vain-glorious security, which has ever been in all states the sure forerunner of slavery and degradation.

While this decency of exterior extends itself to all the forms of public association, it is carried to an excess in private society, which sometimes banishes ease and induces formality. There exists no such mode of gratifying *vanity* without risking *feeling*, as is practised with us under the generic name of *flirting*. One of those honest unmeaning *flirtations*, carried on in the corner of every drawing-room where an English assembly is held, or pursued on the staircase or doorway, to the great annoyance of all persons not particularly interested in the dalliance, would shock an elegant society in Paris beyond all power of endurance. In affairs of the heart Frenchwomen know no medium between love and indifference. They may have *male friends*, but they have no *flirts*; and if they have a lover, they would be as cautious of distinguishing the fortunate being in public society by any marked preference, as an Englishman of fashion would be of making love to his own wife before company.

The public attentions paid by Englishmen of the most distinguished rank to women of public and notorious characters in Paris, and their introduction of such persons into the private circles of society, excited universal indignation and contempt. It was in vain to talk to the French of English morality, while Englishwomen were seen to associate with and even to pay respectful homage to some modern *Laïs* of the day, whose fashion rather than her talent had become her passport into society. No public women whatever are admitted into good French company. Once on the boards whether as actress or as singer, they can never be received by women of character or condition, except in their professional capacity, when they are engaged and paid *pour donner une scène* on some particular evening, or to sing their *bravura* on the night of a private concert. The well-known

anecdote of some English duchesses holding the shawl of the late presiding deity of the Opera-House in London, till she was at leisure to put it on, excited infinite mirth in an assembly of French ladies, where it was related in my presence.

The imitative talents have indeed no false appreciation in France: they rank not *before* but *after* original genius. While in our circles a fashionable actor or first-rate singer would be received with a more marked distinction than an Otway or a Cimarosa; in France the author and the composer would hold a place in public estimation and in private company, which the actor and the singer could never hope to attain. Oh! it is depressing to the feelings of high-minded and sensitive genius thus to receive in homely obscurity its scanty remuneration, and neglected by its cotemporaries, to live only for that future day which will come too late to awaken the gracious emotion arising from *conscious merit crowned by success;* while the imitative talents, which owe their being to its labours, and derive their materials from its imagination, are courted, feasted, and paid with unsparing prodigality! Some of the best poets in England are at this moment struggling with a bare sufficiency, far from those circles which their talents were calculated to irradiate and delight; while Italian singers have recently returned to their own country to purchase principalities, and English actors are driven to extravagant excesses by the superabundance of suddenly-gotten wealth, which they know not how worthily to employ or prudently to accumulate. In this instance they certainly "manage matters better in France."

France has never been the land of poetry nor of beauty, and yet poetry is the passion and dress the object of the nation. It is on this point that Frenchwomen are most fallible, and lose all that is most interesting in their characters, or respectable in their conduct.

Here economy ends, and extravagance begins to know no bounds. Here all that is frivolous supersedes all that is essential, and all that is light floats to the surface. The merits of the *divine cachemir* and the *joli mouchoir de poche brodé* rapidly succeed to financial discussions and political arguments; and "*Combien de cachemirs avez-vous, ma chère?*" is a question asked with more importance, and considered with more gravity, than would be given to the new political tracts of Chateaubriand and Fievée by the many fair disciples of those grand vizirs of *ultra-states-women.*

The elegant produce of the Indian loom is an indispensable object to every Frenchwoman, and from the estimation it is held in, one would suppose there was "magic in the web of it." I shall never forget the mingled emotion of pity and amazement I excited in one of my French friends, by assuring her I had never been mistress of a *cachemir.* "*Ah! Seigneur Dieu, mais c'est inconcevable, ma belle!*" and she added, that I ought to buy one with the produce of my next work. I replied, "I had rather buy a little estate with it."—"*Eh bien, ma chère,*" she answered quickly, "*un cachemir c'est une terre, n'est ce pas?*" In fact, these valuable and expensive shawls general-

ly do become *heirlooms* in a French family.

Voila un trait de toilette pour vous, mon enfant, said Mad. de Genlis to me one morning as I entered her pretty apartment at the Carmelite convent; and she related to me the following anecdote:—A little before I had paid my visit, a young gentleman had left this celebrated lady, suddenly cured of a passion for a young married woman, against which Mad. de Genlis had long and vainly preached. She had argued the matter with him morally, prudentially, sentimentally; she had even, like Mad. de Sevigné (in listening to her son's confessions respecting Ninon) tried to get in *un petit mot de Dieu*—but it was all in vain, until a shawl *peau de lapin* effected what the charming eloquence of Mad. de Genlis failed to produce. He had the night before attended his *chère belle* to a ball; she sent him to her carriage for her shawl. He flew to be the bearer of the *superbe cachemir*, breathing its kindred roses: but (death to every finer feeling of fashion, taste, and sentiment,) the *laquais* drew from the pocket of the carriage——a shawl *peau de lapin*!!!--"*Ne plus de prêchemens donc, ma chère comtesse*," added the convalescent lover, "*c'est une affaire finie!* Never can *love* and *rabbit-skins* be associated in my imagination; and believe, my dear madam, *qu'il n'y a pas d'amour à tenir contre un schall peau de lapin!*"

The modern revolutionary *mouchoir de poche brodé* is a great refinement upon the *royalist pocket-handkerchief* of other times. This elegant expensive little article is as indispensable to a Parisian fine lady as the *cachemir*, and its effects occasionally seem equal to that of the charmed handkerchief of Othello, which

> an Egyptian to his mother gave,
> To make her amiable.

A gentleman once accused my charming friend la Comt. d'H**le of having no lace or embroidery on her handkerchief. She laughed at his observation. "You are in the wrong," he replied; "*car il n'y a rien qui monte la tête d'un homme comme le joli mouchoir d'une jolie femme.*"

AMUSEMENTS AND CUSTOMS OF THE LOWER CLASSES OF THE IRISH.

(From *Mrs.* ANNE PLUMPTRE'S "*Narrative of a Residence in Ireland.*")

THE veneration for saints so prevalent in all countries where the Catholic religion prevails, is very strong in Ireland. Each parish has its patron saint, whose birthday was always a holiday celebrated with great festivity. These days were called *patrons*. On such occasions not only the people of the parish, but the neighbours far and near, assembled themselves together, dressed in their very best clothes. The older people never failed to go into the churchyard and offer up prayers for the dead, particularly if any among their own connections happened to be interred there. Sometimes indeed the whole day was spent in tears and lamentations. This was the case particulary among the females; and the merry-making ended in a day

of sadness. The place where the festivity was celebrated was a large common, about which tents were erected; and there was plenty of eating and drinking, with a proportional quantity of fiddling, piping, and dancing. In the dancing each lad, dressed in his best clothes, selected his lass, who was equally adorned in all the finery she could muster. A circle was then formed, not a very spacious one, scarcely more than two yards each way; when one of the couples danced a sort of jig within the circle, neither of them taking their eyes from the ground the whole time; till at length the jig being concluded, the man took the woman round the waist, gave her a twirl, and snatched a kiss. Another couple then succeeded, and after them another and another, continuing thus till all had taken their turns. But as the whiskey always went round pretty freely at these meetings, they often ended in scenes of riot and disorder, not unfrequently in fighting, when ancient quarrels which had been slumbering broke out again. For this reason, the *patrons* have, by desire of the Catholic priests themselves, been nearly laid aside.

The above festivities were of very ancient date; dances of a different kind, by no means so ancient, still continue to be celebrated, principally when a number of persons are desirous, for any particular reason, to honour some of their superiors; as for instance, the tenants of an estate for any act of favour shewn them by the landlord, or the like. These they call *long dances*. The party is headed by a lad and lass chosen for the occasion as king and queen; the youngest and the handsomest are generally selected. They are very much dressed with ribbons and other finery. The man is always in a nice clean shirt, the sleeves tied round the arms with ribbons, and the woman is in white; they carry a garland between them, and walk or dance at the head of the troop. When they arrive at the house of the person they intend to honour, they stop before the door, and the king and queen standing still, the rest of the dancers, linked together by handkerchiefs held between each, dance in a long string round and round them till they are completely encircled; the company then dance back in the same order, till their majesties are entirely disencumbered, when they in their turn dance. This done, the king invites any of the ladies belonging to the mansion to come and dance with him; which is seldom refused, as such a refusal would be considered a great want of urbanity. The queen then invites any of the gentlemen to dance with her; and this concluded, the whole company dance according to their fancies, or else, which is more commonly the case, one of the men offers to amuse the company with a hornpipe. His performance is, however, any thing else; he twists and twirls himself about, hopping and jumping and turning in all directions, making great exertions, and shewing great dexterity and agility in his motions, though the name of dancing can scarcely be applied to it. His countenance remains all the time entirely fixed, nor could the world combined make him alter a mus-

cle: this exercise he continues as long as his breath and limbs will hold out; he does not cease till he is nearly exhausted. The company then, linked together, once more encircle their sovereign, and then untwisting themselves, they all dance off in the same order that they came. They always expect the lady and gentleman of the house to furnish them plenty of drink, but do not desire any thing to eat, and very rarely will accept money. The company is attended by a man and woman, dressed-up ridiculous figures, who are called the *Pickled Herring and his Wife;* they make grimaces and play antics something in the style of a merry-andrew. Many of these frolics took place without the least disturbance ensuing, even at the time when the country was considered as in its most disturbed state.

Another mode of the tenantry complimenting the landlord is, that a small quantity of the first wheat cut at the time of harvest is set apart, and instead of being thrashed, a person holding the stalks of the wheat in his hand, beats the ears against a cask till the corn is all beaten out: this is called being *scutched.* The grain is then cleared away entirely from the chaff and kiln-dried, after which it is spread out on a cloth or in a dish, and every bit of stone or dirt carefully picked out. This done, it is ground in what is called a *querne;* that is, it is put between two stones, the one convex, the other concave, and rubbed till it becomes a fine flour, the bran being all ground with it: this is a very tedious and laborious process. It is only some farmers who have a *querne;* those that have not, carry the wheat to a neighbour who has, and borrow the use of it. This flour is presented to the landlord, who has it made into a cake with cream and butter; it is baked on a *griddle,* and eaten hot, being considered a great treat. When eaten, the lady of the house repeats a sentence in Irish, which signifies, "May we all eat the same together this time twelvemonth!" No luck would attend the house if this were omitted.

The custom observed in most Catholic countries of making bonfires on the eve of St. John the Baptist, is still preserved in Ireland, though somewhat on the decline. An addition to it prevailed here, however, which I never saw abroad: that the children and cattle were made to pass through the fire; grown people would also not unfrequently do it voluntarily: it is considered a certain preservative against disease or accident. When the fire is dying away, the old women assemble round, and each takes away a burning stick to carry home with her, which is to bring a blessing upon the house, and is carefully preserved till the next year. It is reckoned very dangerous to be exposed to the air after sunset on this day, for the *evil ones* are about, and are then endowed with particular power to harm any body. At all times it is thought hazardous to be near a wood at night, but the risk is never so great as on St. John's eve. Much the same tricks are played among the younger people in Ireland on All-hallow's eve, as Burns describes in Scotland in his poem on that subject. If a stranger comes into a farm-house where any of the usual oc-

cupations are going forward, such as making cheese or churning butter, if the visitor omits to say, "God bless your work!" and the work should afterwards go wrong, it is all ascribed to this omission, and the poor visitor is terribly execrated.

The people have a custom of marking themselves in a manner very much after the nature of tattooing in the South Sea Islands, only not carried to that excess. The women, with a needle and thread dipped in strong blue water, prick themselves, drawing the blue thread through, which leaves a mark that is never wholly effaced. They generally make this mark between the thumb and fore-finger. The men will also sometimes mark themselves in a similar manner. A friend has told me, that she knew a gardener in a family whose arm was marked with the figure of Christ upon the cross: this had been done when he was a child with the point of a needle dipped in soot-water; he was then an old man, and the figure was still fresh. These marks are considered as religious. It is a custom of very ancient date.

Pleurisies and agues are exceedingly common among the lower classes; they are indeed the natural result of the damps to which they are continually exposed, sometimes unavoidably, and sometimes through their own fault. They will often, when obliged to wait any where, extend themselves on the ground with their faces downward, regardless how damp soever it may be. Their cabins, too, are scarcely ever weather-tight. I have heard a lady say, that she had gone sometimes into these abodes of wretchedness to visit the sick, and found the bottom (for they are never paved) quite a mire, the patient most likely lying upon a bed raised but a few inches from the ground by some pieces of plank. The first time after I came to Ireland that I went to stay in the country, I was rather amused by seeing a paper, stuck upon a wretched cabin in a village, half-unroofed, announcing *Dry lodgings to be had here.* It put me in mind of the noted Mr. Elwes's room, where there was just one dry corner for the bed; though I must say, that in these dry lodgings I question whether there was even a corner sheltered from the weather. I afterwards learned, that the meaning of *dry lodgings* was, that lodging only was to be had, without eating and drinking.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 9.—THE MOST FASHIONABLE PARISIAN BONNETS.

No. 1. WHITE straw bonnet, round crown, a moderate height; the brim is very deep. The trimming is plaid ribbon, of which there is a large knot on the summit of the crown, and a bunch of fancy flowers placed on one side.

No. 2. A *capote* of cambric muslin, of a similar shape to the one just described; it is trimmed very

WALKING DRESS.

No. 20. of R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub.d Aug.t 1 1817.

NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS.

elegantly with rich worked muslin. The brim is edged with two rows, set on rather full. The lower part of the crown is finished by vandykes of work, and the top is ornamented with a fulness of work before and behind. A full band of soft muslin ties it under the chin.

No. 3. A second *capote* of *perkale*, which is laid on in plaits. The crown very low. The brim a moderate breadth, but very wide. Both brim and crown are trimmed with a double row of pointed work. White sarsnet strings, fastened inside the bonnet, tie it under the chin.

No. 4. White straw bonnet, trimmed with a scarf of dark green silk, with a stripe of *coquelicot* in the border. This scarf is disposed in a very full rosette, and finished by long ends. A green and *coquelicot* striped ribbon ties this bonnet, the form of which resembles the one we first described, under the chin.

No. 5. A *capote* composed of striped muslin. The crown is oval and low; the front is deep, and comes down square at the sides. At the back of the crown is a piece of the same material set in very full, which quite shades the back of the neck; it is tied with soft white ribbon, and ornamented with a bunch of wild flowers.

No. 6. A bonnet, composed of yellow crape, the crown of which is very low, and the front enormously large; it is trimmed round the brim with a fulness of yellow crape, ornamented with a bunch of yellow crape roses and a very large knot of yellow ribbons: it ties under the chin with ribbon to correspond.

The small bunch of flowers consists of tulips, pinks, narcissus, and roses. The large bunch is composed of roses, narcissus, blue-bells, and poppies, all of which are at present in high estimation among the Parisian *élégantes*.

PLATE 10.—WALKING DRESS.

A jaconot muslin round dress; the bottom of the skirt trimmed with five rows of embroidery, in a running pattern of leaves. The body is full; it is cut low round the bust, and the fulness is gathered in there and at the bottom of the waist by a narrow band of muslin. Plain long sleeve, almost tight to the arm, and finished at the wrist with work. The *fichu* worn with this dress comes up very high on the shoulders, and partially displays the neck; a pink and white net silk handkerchief is fastened in a large bow and long ends before. Headdress a bonnet composed of white satin, and lined with the same material: the brim, which is very large, turns up entirely in front; the edge is ornamented with intermingled rolls of pink and white satin. The crown is also adorned with rolls of pink satin, displayed in a very novel and tasteful style; it fastens under the chin with a knot of pink satin at the left side, and is finished by a rich plume of down feathers. Blue kid sandals, and white kid gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Satin and fancy silk spencers still continue to be much worn for the promenade, but muslin pelisses are considered more fashionable. When worn for dishabille, they are composed of cambric muslin, and trim-

med with work. The one which we are about to describe is the most elegant that we have seen.

The body and skirt of the pelisse are in one: the latter, made without gores, is of a moderate fulness; the former is full in the back, with six small plaits on each side. The fronts are alternately gaged and small-plaited; the gagings are about an inch in breadth, and the plaitings three in number. Long sleeve of an easy fulness, except at the wrist, which is nearly tight to the arm, being plaited and gaged to correspond with the body. A small collar, rounded in the style of a pelerine, falls back so as partially to display the throat. The trimming consists of that rich embroidery which we mentioned as being fashionable a considerable time back; it became unfashionable soon afterwards, but is now again in considerable estimation: there are three falls. As the appearance of this trimming resembles, at a distance, point lace, the effect is very rich, though somewhat heavy.

As the French style of head-dress continues to be adopted by a considerable number of distinguished *élégantes*, we have presented our subscribers with a selection of the most fashionable bonnets. Those of cambric muslin, which the French call *capotes*, are adopted as morning bonnets by many ladies remarkable for their elegant taste in dress. They are certainly very gentlewomanly, and extremely appropriate to the season.

For carriage or elegant promenade dress, nothing is considered so tasteful as clear muslin pelisses, lined with slight sarsnet, and trimmed with lace. A trimming of muslin *bouillons*, interspersed with small rosettes of satin ribbon, the same colour as the linings, and finished by a deep flounce of lace, is very novel, and is also considered highly fashionable. We noticed a pelerine cape the other day on one of these pelisses, of a novel shape and very pretty; it was crossed behind something like a handkerchief, and had two long ends in front, which were sloped so as to fall back very much. This pelerine, which was formed entirely of letting-in lace, and edged with rich pointed lace, had an uncommonly elegant effect. The delicate pink of the wild rose is a very favourite colour for linings; green, peach-blossom, and evening primrose, are also in considerable estimation.

Half-dress lace caps are much in favour in the carriage costume. They are generally mobs, with the crowns *à la Françoise*; but they are neither *outré* nor unbecoming. Flowers form the prevalent ornament: satin and ribbon, the former in rosettes, the latter in large bows, are, however, partially adopted by some very tasteful *belles*.

Since writing the above, we have seen several elegant gauze caps, which, as well as gauze *fichus* trimmed with *tulle*, have been lately introduced by a lady, not less remarkable for her rank than for the benevolence which adds lustre to it. The *cornettes* are trimmed either with *tulle* or British blond; and if they become as general as they are expected to be, it will be of infinite service to that branch of our manufactures.

Muslin is the only thing which has been worn for some time past

in the morning costume. Tucks are, at last, beginning to decline in favour, though they are still worn by some *élégantes.* The most fashionable dishabille is the Gloucester morning dress, composed of fine jaconot muslin; the bottom of the skirt is finished by a piece of clear muslin let in full, and formed into waves by ribbon drawn through it: this trimming is surmounted by a rich flounce of work, and another finishes it at the bottom. The body is loose, and drawn in to the shape by two rows of ribbon, which come no farther than the bottom of the back, which is ornamented by rosettes of the same coloured ribbon. A very narrow wave of muslin, to correspond with the skirt, goes round the bust, and is finished by a fall of work. Long sleeve, ornamented at the wrist, to correspond. This morning dress, which is in considerable request in the highest circles, is the most tasteful and becoming dishabille that we have seen for a considerable time.

Striped sarsnets, and those of light colours, are rather more in favour than they were last month for dinner dress, but muslin is more generally worn. Embroidery in coloured worsteds begins to be in some request in trimming. The most elegant, in our opinion, are wreaths of leaves in various shades of green: they are not, however, so general as borders of flowers. Dog-roses, violets, honeysuckles, and pea-blossom, are all in request.

The Percy robe is still in great request for full dress, for which gauze and *tulle* continue to be most fashionable; but white sarsnet round dresses, richly embroidered in coloured silks round the bottom, are also much worn. The bodies of these dresses are trimmed with *tulle*, which is formed into the shape of shells by pink silk chord. The sleeve is very short and full; it is also composed of *tulle* over white sarsnet: the *tulle* is laid on very full; it is interspersed with pink chord, and confined at bottom by a narrow border to correspond with the bottom of the dress.

The hair in half dress continues to be worn very low at the sides, much parted on the forehead, and disposed in light ringlets.

In full dress the hind hair is variously disposed. Some ladies have it brought to the left side, where it forms five or six tufts; others have one half of it twisted up behind in a large knot, while the remainder, disposed in three or four plaits, is brought round the head; and many arrange it in full bows, which are apparently confined by several bands of hair. The front hair is almost universally brought plain across the forehead, and disposed in loose curls at the sides of the face. This fashion, so becoming to the Grecian contour of countenance, is the very reverse to the round-faced *belle*, whom it absolutely disfigures: it is, nevertheless, almost universally adopted.

Head-dresses for full dress continue the same as last month.

Fashionable colours for the month are, peach-blossom, wild-rose colour, grass-green, straw-colour, blue, and lilac.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, July 14, 1817.

My dear SOPHIA,

YOU will receive this letter from the hands of Miss S. who has promised at my desire to visit and shew you her purchases. You will not, however, be much gratified by the sight of any thing but her bonnets*, as she would not have her dresses made up. I shall endeavour to atone for the disappointment which this circumstance will cause you, by describing the few changes which have taken place since I wrote last.

White is still in universal estimation, our promenade dresses are composed of nothing else. A cambric muslin pelisse made tight to the shape, very short in the waist, and rather scanty in the skirt, is considered the most fashionable dishabille: it wraps over very much, and fastens down the front by straps; it is cut what you would call half high, and has a pelerine of a moderate size. Plain long sleeve, rounded at the bottom, and finished by small tucks. Half sleeve, short and very full. I have not seen any thing for a considerable time so elegantly plain, or so well calculated for morning walking dress, as this pelisse.

Muslin round dresses and pelerines are also in considerable estimation for the promenade. Some *merveilleuses*, or as you would style them, dashers, have appeared in muslin trowsers. Lest you should be shocked at their indelicacy, I must observe, that very little more than the rich lace which trimmed them round the bottom was visible, and that very few ladies have conformed to this fashion.

Jaconot, book, and cambric muslin are all worn for the dresses I have just mentioned. The gown is finished round the bottom of the skirt by a double flounce of very rich pointed work, which is surmounted by a rouleau of clear muslin, over which is placed a flounce headed by a second rouleau to correspond. The body is cut extremely low all round the bust, which is ornamented by a rouleau and flounce to correspond with the bottom. The ruff, in which the throat is completely enveloped, also corresponds. The pelerine, of a plain round shape, falls something lower than the waist; it has no collar, but a ribbon run through it, fastens it round the neck, with a bow in front. The embroidery of these pelerines is in general of a considerable depth and great richness.

This dress is in high favour without the pelerine for dinner costume, and is the only novelty that I have to announce to you. The mania which our fashionables had for tucks is now transferred from their own dresses to that of their children, whose frocks and trowsers are covered with them. *Bouillons* are as much the rage as ever, one sees from four to six rows of them at the bottoms of dresses. Flounces are also much worn, and the fertile invention of the *marchandes des modes* has given an air of novelty even to them. Sometimes the bottom of a dress is ornamented with three or four, which are very deep,

* For a description of which, see our print.

very richly embroidered, and drawn up in festoons. Sometimes there are as many as six flounces, which are set on at a distance from each other; these flounces, which are very narrow, are carefully small-plaited, and the space between them is filled either by a fulness of clear muslin, a letting-in of lace, or a rich embroidery. This last is considered more fashionable than either of the others.

One of our most fashionable corsets is I find of English invention, I mean the *corset des Graces:* it is much admired here, and is certainly the easiest and pleasantest stay I ever wore. It is also extremely advantageous to the figure, and as the French ladies pride themselves exceedingly on the elegance of their shapes, they give it on that account a decided preference.

I have little to say of full dress, for which crape and *tulle* are at present most fashionable: the latter is, however, adopted only for ball dresses, or by very youthful *belles.* There is no alteration in the form of full dress since I wrote last; but I think there is more variety in trimmings. Blond is high in estimation; there are sometimes as many as four rows set on very full round the bottom of a dress, and the bosom is finished by a pelerine to correspond.

A more fashionable and much more novel style of trimming is a double or triple flounce of blond festooned, and each festoon fastened by a single flower or a small sprig of myrtle. A great many *élégantes* sport *bouillons* of *tulle,* which are divided by white satin tucks: and embroidery is also very fashionable; it consists chiefly of small bouquets of roses and myrtle in chenille, which being much raised, has a rich and natural effect.

The mention of embroidery reminds me, that I have not yet told you what flowers are most fashionable; and never were the treasures of Flora in such request among belles of taste as at present. Beside fancy flowers, of which lilac roses surrounded with leaves are most fashionable, the blossom of the sweet-pea, larkspur, honeysuckle, geranium, blue-bells, gilly-flower, tulips, pinks, narcissus, roses, and poppies, are all worn either for bouquets, hats, or ornaments for the hair. For the last purpose, full branches of roses intermingled with wheat-ears are in very high estimation, as are garlands of the other flowers which I have mentioned, placed at the back of the head.

The present style of hair-dressing is very unbecoming. I mentioned I believe in my last, that it was worn in loose curls on the forehead; it was then divided a little in front, and of a moderate fulness: it is now curled so as to entirely conceal the forehead, and the hind hair, which is strained back, and fastened up in a large loose tuft, displays the skin of the head.

The hair in half dress is much more becomingly arranged. A few loose light curls shade without concealing the forehead; part of the hind hair is disposed in a tuft, and the remainder, divided into two or three bands, is twisted round the head.

I must not forget to mention, that, besides the bonnets which Miss S. will shew you, *capotes* of *gros de Naples,* and gauze, *tulle,* and satin *chapeaus,* are in favour for

the promenade. The *capotes* resemble those of Miss S. but the *chapeaus* are formed in a different way: they turn up almost entirely in front; the brim is of a moderate size, and of a peculiarly jauntee shape. They have frequently no other ornament than a rich lace, white silk, or *tulle* handkerchief, of a moderate size, doubled and pinned across the crown, so that the ends fall behind. These handkerchiefs, when in silk, are sometimes embroidered at the corners. Other *chapeaus* have a very narrow round brim, finished at the edge, and also round the crown, by a plaiting of *tulle*, and ornamented either with a bunch of flowers, or three down feathers placed upright in front of the hat.

White crape, gauze, satin, and *tulle* are all in favour for *toques*. Very little alteration has taken place in the form of these head-dresses since I wrote last; they are something higher than they were then, and wider round the top of the crown. Flowers are the favourite ornament for *toques*, except for court, for which they are generally adorned with feathers and precious stones.

I shall send you in my next a description of a singularly pretty ball-dress, which would suit your sylph-like figure to a miracle; and also some *cornettes*, which I imagine will be very tasteful, as they are the invention of one of our most distinguished *élégantes*. Adieu, my dear Sophia! Believe me always your attached

EUDOCIA.

With my usual heedlessness, I forgot to enumerate the fashionable colours for the month. They are, pearl-grey, canary-yellow, peach-blossom, amaranth, azure, and rose.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

PREPARING for publication, in two large volumes 8vo. illustrated with maps, *An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*, in three parts, by Mr. T. H. Horne. Part I. will contain a view of the geography of the Holy Land, and of the political, religious, moral, and civil state of the Jews, illustrating the principal events recorded in the Bible. Part II. will present a copious investigation of the principles of Scripture-interpretation, and their application to the historical, prophetical, typical, doctrinal, and moral parts of the sacred writings, and to the practical reading of the Scriptures. Part III. will be appropriated to the analysis of the Bible, including an account of the canon of Scripture, together with critical prefaces and synopses to each book, upon an improved plan. An appendix will be subjoined, comprising a critical account, 1. Of the principal MSS. and editions of the Old and New Testaments; 2. Of the various readings, with a digest of the chief rules for weighing and applying them; 3. Rules for the better understanding of Hebraisms; 4. A concise dictionary of the symbolical language of Scripture; 5. Lists of commentators and biblical critics of eminence, with bibliographical and critical notices of each, extracted from authentic

sources; together with chronological and other tables necessary to facilitate the study of the Holy Scriptures.

Dr. Carey, the prosodian (though not himself concerned in the edition of the Dauphin Virgil now in the press), has offered to enrich it with a *Key*, particularly noticing and scanning every line which presents any metrical difficulty from poetic licence of whatever kind, and explaining the nature of such licence in each individual case. Should the proprietors decline his offer, he has thoughts of giving this Key as an appendix either to his Scanning Exercises already published, or to his Latin Versification made Easy, now in forwardness for publication.

Mr. Juigné has in the press a second edition of Le Sage's *Historical Atlas*, with a new historical and geographical map of Europe, as settled at the Congress of Vienna.

M. Galignani of Paris has just completed a superb work, entitled *Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington*, detailing all the celebrated battles gained by the English armies commanded by this unconquered hero, from the taking of Seringapatam to the memorable victory at Waterloo; embellished with twenty-four elegant engravings, and a superb equestrian portrait of his grace, beautifully executed by the celebrated French artist, J. Duplessi Bertaux. The work forms one handsome volume, royal folio.

Mr. Alexander Chalmers has completed that great undertaking, the new edition of the *General Biographical Dictionary*, in 32 vols. 8vo. The magnitude of the labour may be conceived, when it is known that this edition has been augmented by 3934 additional lives; of the remaining number, 2176 have been re-written, and the whole revised and corrected. The total number of articles exceeds 9000. Appended to each article are copious references to the sources whence the materials are derived.

Professor Paxton of Edinburgh has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in three 8vo. volumes, a work of great research, entitled *The Holy Scriptures Illustrated*, from the geography of the East, from natural history, and from the customs and manners of ancient and modern nations. Though the general scheme has been anticipated, the proposed arrangement is more systematic than any former work; and there is every reason to expect a performance that will be a valuable accession to the Christian library.

Mr. N. Talfourd of the Middle Temple has in the press, *A Practical Treatise on the Laws of Toleration and Religious Liberty*, as they affect every class of Dissenters from the Church of England.

Mr. W. C. Oulton, who continued Victor's *History of the London and Dublin Theatres*, is preparing a farther Continuation to the present time, in three 12mo. volumes.

A complete body of geography is announced as being in preparation, under the title of *The Edinburgh Gazetteer*, or *Geographical Dictionary*. It will be executed by six different authors of literary eminence, each taking a separate department, and be accompanied by an atlas, consisting of fifty-three

maps, constructed by Mr. Arrowsmith. The work will extend to six 8vo. volumes, of fifty sheets each, and be published in half volumes at intervals of three months.

Mr. Arthur Young is preparing for the press, *The Elements of the Practice of Agriculture*, containing experiments and observations made during a period of fifty years.

Colonel Mark Wilks will speedily publish the second and third volumes of his *Historical Sketches of the South of India*, in an attempt to trace the History of Mysore.

The Elements of History and Geography, ancient and modern, exemplified and illustrated by the Principles of Chronology, by the Rev. J. Joyce, will soon be published in two 8vo. volumes.

Mr. Wright, surgeon, &c. of Bristol, is preparing for publication a work on the *Human Ear;* in which the structure and functions of that organ will be anatomically and physically explained, the means considered not only of restoring its integrity when vitiated, but of preventing many of the diseases with which it is affected, and some observations on the causes of the alarming increase of the deaf and dumb: illustrated by descriptive etchings.

A new novel, in two vols. entitled *The Parish Priest in Ireland*, is in the press.

Mr. Baker announces, that *The History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire*, upon which he has been long engaged, will be published in annual succession, in eight parts, forming four folio volumes; but that the period for commencing the publication will depend on the progress of the subscription.

Mr. Fisher has published a statement of the reason which has induced him to suspend his work illustrative of some ancient paintings at Stratford-upon-Avon. This reason was, the new and oppressive act for the regulation of copyright, which requires the sacrifice of *eleven* copies of every work to powerful and wealthy bodies, possessed of ample funds. This act was not passed until three parts of Mr. Fisher's work had appeared; and as the illustrative plates were printed at a lithographic press to the number of only 120 impressions, and all these, excepting three, were disposed of, it became impossible for him to comply with the demand of the universities and public bodies. Having no wish to involve himself in legal disputes with the latter, Mr. Fisher conceives that he is justified in withholding the letter-press which was to accompany his work, but assures his subscribers of his readiness to supply them with the yet unpublished plates as soon as he can put them together. The lovers of the arts and antiquities will farther regret, that the same cause has operated as a bar to the appearance of another work projected by Mr. Fisher, who has spent upwards of twenty years in travelling through the kingdom, for the purpose of making drawings of its *inedited* architectural and genealogical antiquities. These drawings, amounting to upwards of 5000, he designed to publish, and had nearly executed the first part, under the title of *Collections for the County of Bedford*, comprehending sixty-four plates, with descriptive letter-press; but the same act "for the encouragement of

learning" has induced him to defer, if not to relinquish the undertaking.

Mrs. Grose has submitted to the Bath Literary and Philosophical Society some specimens of the *Cicada mannaferens*, or locust of New South Wales, and likewise of the wild honey, or manna, deposited by it on the large forest-tree *eucalyptus*. This insect was first observed by Colonel Paterson in the year 1800 in the pupa state. The rapidity with which it increases in size and strength, after its change into the winged state, is such, that in a few hours it can fly to the top of the tallest *eucalyptus*, which generally grows to the height of 60 or 70 feet. The manna, apparently produced by these insects, is found both in a liquid and saccharine state; the inhabitants gathered it, and used it for some time as sugar, till experience proved that it possesses in some degree the property of manna. The noise made by these little creatures is remarkable. The males begin with a note similar to that of the land-rail, which is several times repeated: at length the females join, when the combination of notes exactly resembles the noise of grinding knives or razors, and hence the insect has received the popular appellation of the razor-grinder. One species of the insect has the same appearance and makes the same kind of noise as that above described, but produces no manna.

Mr. J. B. Emmett has published some experiments made by him on the preparation of gas from oil, for the purpose of illumination. By distilling various oils, previously mixed with dry sand or pulverized clay, he obtained, at a temperature a little below ignition, a gas, which appeared to be a mixture of carbureted and super-carbureted hydrogen gases. It produces a flame, equally and often much more brilliant than coal-gas, and gives out no smoke, smell, or unpleasant vapour. It differed very little in quality whether obtained from refuse or good whale sperm, almond or olive oil, or tallow. For the sake of so important a branch of our national industry as the whale-fishery, which is threatened with serious danger by the adoption of coal-gas for the purpose of illumination, we shall be highly gratified to learn, that the prospect thus held forth is likely to be speedily realized.

Poetry.

THE FEARS OF ESPERANCE.

Addressed to the Maid of Thavies Inn.

MUCH I fear I have offended
Her I languish to appease;
But a fault with weakness blended,
Haply may not long displease.

Think of this, and you may pity,
(Mercy is a heavenly thing,)
The offence which, fledg'd by beauty,
Flew to hope on angel wing;

And I'm sure that soft forgiving,
Bending to a heart-told prayer,
Must have birth, and form, and living
In a breast so chastely fair.

The wretch of old, in anguish burning,
Under passion's scorching ray,
And his gaze to heaven turning,
Heard the streamlet round him play;

Saw the thing he most desired
Glide before his straining eye,
Tried to reach it, madly fired,
Could but kiss it with a sigh.

Would you doom this wretch to ruin,
If some stratagem he'd tried,
E'en at risk of his undoing,
To have reach'd the bliss he spied?

No! I'm sure you would not do it:
Loveliness is "light from heaven;"
And Charity's benignant spirit
Is also to her daughter given.

Think of this, and have compassion,
If while seeking Virtue's light
My eyes devoutly turn, and often
To a shrine so lovely bright.

Think of this, and have compassion
On the daring of my Muse,
For the worldly forms and fashion
Gave me but this mean to use.

Think of this, and you may pity
(Mercy is a heavenly thing,)
The offence which, fledg'd by beauty,
Flew to hope on angel wing.

ESPERANCE.

POOR JONATHAN.

Inscribed to Lady JERNINGHAM.

By THOMAS JONES.

Founded on an unfortunate occurrence which took place at Cossey in Norfolk, on the 18th November, 1815, when a young man lost his life by the accidental firing of the fowling-piece of his friend who accompanied him on a shooting-party.

Vita enim mortuorum in memoria vivorum est posita ——CICERO.

Hark! hear ye not yon passing-bell,
Which, sighing sorrow to the gale,
In mournful numbers seems to tell,
That death has hover'd round the vale,
And some one torn from friends away,
Who still are left the loss to moan:—
Hark, hark! for sure I hear them say,
"Alas! poor Jonathan is gone!"

And see yon humble aged pair,
Whose features time has furrow'd long,
How blithe some few hours back they were,
But Death, fell tyrant, check'd their song;
Scarce had the mantling bowl gone round
To greet a long-lost fav'rite son,
When, ah! their ears received the sound,
"Alas! poor Jonathan is gone!"

Though folly mark'd his early day,
And caused those parents many woes,
He left his home, and sail'd away,
To meet his country's daring foes;
He shared the horrors of the fight,
And heard his dying comrades groan,
Return'd to give and taste delight—
But, ah! poor Jonathan is gone!

No bloom that fragrant sweets exhale,
Could to his parents' eyes afford
Such prospects fair; no balmy gale
With blessings so endearing stored.
Escaped the cannons of his foes,
He sought his home and friendship's throne—
But, ah! 'twas friendship's fate to close
His eyes, for Jonathan is gone!

And who is this with vacant eye,
Whose looks an easeless heart portend,
Who seems from self and all to fly?
'Tis Jonathan's most early friend:
And now his woe-fraught bosom heaves,
He speaks, but mark his alter'd tone;
He knows, yet wildly—scarce believes
His friend, poor Jonathan, is gone!

"And was it I," he frantic cries,
"Did I the cruel deed perform?
This trembling hand close friendship's eye?
Oh! shield me, God, from vengeance' storm!
For never bosom beat more true,
No heart could e'er be more his own;
And his was mine I also knew—
Then say not Jonathan is gone!

"Oh, God! what pangs assail my breast!
'Tis thine to take what thou didst give;
Thy will has call'd my friend to rest,
But thy blest mandate bids me live:

And surely thou art more than good,
For, ah! thou whisper'st, 'Do not moan!
Thou still art guiltless of his blood,
Although poor Jonathan is gone.'

"Oh, heav'n and earth! that joyful sound,
What blest delights thy precepts yield!
Oh, God! wherever thou art found,
Thou can'st from ev'ry sorrow shield:
'Twas thy good will who rul'st above;
For, ah! thou know'st, and thou alone,
How early friendship grew to love
For Jonathan, who now is gone.

"Say, what is life with all its joys,
Though health on balmy zephyrs play,
But ceaseless strife for useless toys,
Which one rude blast can sweep away?
Then think, ye gay, who heedless roam!
Remember, time is fleeting on;
That grave must shortly be your home
Where now poor Jonathan is gone.

"To thee alone, All-wise, All-good,
Be ev'ry praise and glory given;
'Thou great first Cause, least understood,'
Direct my thoughts and hopes to heav'n;
I bow to thee, for thou can'st save,
By great designs to us unknown,
And give a crown to deck that grave
Where now poor Jonathan is gone."

AN ADDRESS,

Written for the Opening of a private Theatre, and spoken by Mr. Owen, 1815; written by Thomas Jones.

Totus mundus histrionem.

Since first the Drama felt the critic's rage,
And Shakspeare's magic wanton'd o'er the stage;
Since first the Muse her lessons could impart,
To charm the fancy, or to mend the heart,
The mimic scene has oft, by manners new,
Brought men and characters *themselves* to view;
The love-lorn youth has there beheld his face,
The ruin'd gamester witness'd his disgrace;
The wretch whom murder stimulates to blood,
Has mark'd the end—and timely turn'd to good;
The just, the brave, have heard the trump of Fame
To afterages hand the living name;
Sweet Music's shell has oft produc'd a tear,
And wak'd remembrance o'er the soldier's bier:
If such the stage, with harmony combined,
To nature true, by every art refin'd,
Forgive the efforts of an humble few,
Whose sole ambition is, a smile from you.
A tragic author, of a distant age,
Declares, we know, that "all the world's a stage;"
And this his observation still proves true:
We all are actors, seeking something new;
Hope, fear, love, joy, and hatred, each, in turn,
Dance through the brain, or o'er the bosom burn:
Youth, manhood, age, alike display their charms;
Youth *sighs* for love, and manhood *pants* for arms;
And as from manhood we advance to age,
Life's visions fade, and then we quit the stage.
Thus novelty for ever cheers the way,
As thoughts, forms, fashion, vary ev'ry day;
What was the fashion a few days before,
By sprigs of *ton* to-day is term'd a *bore*:
But hold!—the fashions may produce a frown;
Hence I forbear, nor hunt its votaries down:
Yet I must hope, with heart and mind sincere,
That frowns may never be the fashion here.
What if we pant not for a public fame,
We burn with zeal, with youthful poet's flame,
To share your plaudits;—your approving smile
Can cheer our hopes, and ev'ry care beguile.

Warm'd in the sunshine of a friendly ray,
Young genius gains fresh vigour ev'ry day;
And much of merit yet may start to view,
If modest genius meet but friends in you.
Ye critics then, who sway by rigid laws,
Who—ask yourselves—but seldom give applause,
Let candour guide the judgments of the mind;
Alive to faults, be not to merits blind:
No rival spirit here usurps the breast,
But each determines he will do his best:
With efforts guided by such hopes as these,
We, with our motto,* humbly strive to please.

* "Contendamus placere."

MADRIGAL.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

When stars bedeck the azure sky,
And shine the sparkling gems of night,
Oh, lady! oft I wish to sigh,
And wander near thy chamber light,
Whose faintly glowing ray discloses
The spot where innocence reposes.

And while the smiling moon-beams play
In silver radiance on thy bower,
In loneliness I pensive stray,
To worship there its fairest flower,
And hope so sweet a rose as thee,
May ever bloom for one like me.

But still thy image is the shrine
Where all my musings fondly dwell;
Yet strange, this wayward heart of mine
To thee can ne'er its feelings tell,
And though 'twould dare a host in fight,
It trembles in a lady's sight.

Then happy be thy hour of rest,
Though hopeless still my heart must swell,
For one, within whose gentle breast
Resides each grace, I love so well;
Though chance my only doom may be,
To love and to despair—for thee.

IMPROMPTU

On the Right Hon. C. ABBOT being elevated to a British Peerage, and succeeded as Speaker of the House of Commons by the Right Hon. MANNERS SUTTON.

Of our *Commons* an *Abbot* had long been the head,
In their house held the sovereign sway;
Now exalted we hear,
As a new British peer,
He politely to *Manners* gives way.

J. BISSET.

Leamington-Priors,
4th June, 1817.

MY NAME.

An Amatory Ballad, by THOMAS JONES.

Rosetta dear, those folds remove
That vainly strive to hide thy breast,
Nor flout the blooming god of love,
Who flutters there to find his nest;
Receive the fondling to thy arms,
Oh let the urchin dare to claim
Protection in thy melting charms,
And kindly call him by—MY NAME!

Dear are those locks that graceful flow
O'er mingling shades of white and red;
But, ah! those piercing eyes of sloe,
With lightnings arm'd, would strike me dead,
Did not soft pity warm that heart,
And light of love the gen'rous flame:
Then bid him not, fair maid, depart,
But kindly call him by—MY NAME!

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. ✻ THE TANJORE

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.